TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Around Town.

It interests me to observe the unutterable horror expressed by a number of our city dailies, insomuch as a report is current and widely credited that stuffing voters' lists and impersonating voters were carried as far as practicable in the recent East York election. The unspeakable nature of these crimes was brought to my attention not only by the written, but as well by the spoken words of one of the editors. He at the same time endeavored to convict me of being a party to such nefarious transactions, insomuch as I failed in my last number to fall in a fit and refuse to be comforted upon becoming aware of the blackness of deep darkness which had fallen over East York. It thus behooves me to explain why I had the indecency to survive those awful revelations. In the first place, I had not heard that impersonation was being carried on nor was I aware that the lists had been stuffed to any greater extent than has long been prevalent where there was anybody who felt it in his interest to stuff them. Another reason may be found in the fact that the electors of Canada are so used to these political methods that they have not only become "legitimate," but a fine art. The dreadful spectre of an impure election is so often seen that his presence at the polling booths has become the rule rather than the exception and he is expected to arrive with the returning officer and the poll clerk and sometimes a little in advance of the scrutineers. Not only the average voter but the voter above the average is well pleased when by the use of these or any other methods he is able to win for his candidate or his party. If I were to take a fit every time I heard of this sort of thing, I fear that for years to come my life would be a wild procession of epileptic demonstrations which would prove neither interesting to myself nor instructive to the onlooker.

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Newspapers appear to be wasting their time in calling attention to such matters. An attempt to cure the disease by railing at any candidate or any constituency is hopeless. All or nearly all candidates in all the constituencies that have been sufficiently tempted, seem to be alike weak. Indeed, we seem very little if any nearer the source of the trouble when we attack a government which has found pure government difficult if not impossible and has resorted to the tricks of the unregenerate politician in order to maintain itself in power and perpetuate the policy imagined to be good. That there is something wrong we all know, but governments are never better than the people; partisans are always willing to outdo one another while the parties hold together; partizanship without patriotism is strife, corruption, civil war, according to its intensity. The root of the trouble lies deeper and seems day by day increasing its hold upon the soil and fastening its shafts more firmly in every rock and crevice. What is the cause? There is no use carving after the cancer till we know where it is. It is not customary for the Anglo-Saxon race to be venal and corrupt, yet in this greatest stronghold of the Anglo-Saxon people in America, the Province of Ontario, elections of every sort are fought out on these lines. Right here in Toronto at the last local bye-election there were evidences of the most flagrant acts of impersonation on behalf of Mr. Mowat's candidate—without his consent or connivance of course, for personally he is not that kind of a man—but as a matter of course. I did not go into spasms over it, though the Reform party both in Toronto and East York is better organized in such methods than even the wicked Tories. Of course it seems a little out of place to employ such strategies to add to the following of the Christian politician, yet it is the rule, not the exception. Toronto is the most religious city in America it is claimed, yet it can give pointers to New York on polling a graveyard vote. How is it that even our goodness does not save us from these dreadful practices? Of course it is a well known fact that we cannot get the full vote out in Toronto unless some religious question is at stake. Probably the biggest vote ever polled in this city was to prevent the street cars running on Sunday. How is it that same vote cannot be brought out to prevent corruption and misgovernment running riot every day I should be very much obliged if some new enthusiasm could be imported into this question by the answers of a few earnest correspondents. Those who are interested can no doubt be interesting. But few of the answers may be published in full, yet I should be glad to have some light. I have a theory of my own but I have offered it so frequently that it has ceased to be available. If anyone is sufficiently possessed of the subject to write to me about it, I shall endeavor to summarize as briefly yet as clearly as possible the various views presented.

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While talking about these questions, permit me to give you a quotation from Saturday's Ottawa correspondence of the *Mail:*

As arranged yesterday, a deputation made up of leading Methodist Senators and men here of the House of Commons waited on Mr. Abbott and Mr. Dewdney, Minister of the Interior, to-day (14th inst). Those present were Senators Sanford, Lougheed, Perley, Boyd, Merner, Reed, and the following members of Parliament:—Messrs. Boyle, Cochrane, Carpenter, Cleaworth, Earle, Rome, Sproule, Taylor, and Wallace. They urged upon the Premier and Mr. Dewdney the necessity of aiding in the missionary work of the Methodist church amongst the Indians in Manitoba, the North-West Territories, and British Columbia, by making further grants of money towards building mission homes and schools and increased provision towards their maintenance. These homes and schools already extend westward from Brandon to the Pacific coast, and the establishment of many more is intended in the immediate future. Mr. Abbott and Mr. Dewdney assured the deputation that its request should have the most careful consideration of the Government. With regard to Government aid to Methodist missions in the North-West, Mr. Abbott stated that the Government recognized of course the principle of placing the missions of the Methodist church on the same footing as those of the Roman Catholic church and the Church of England, and that the establishment of a new system was in contemplation by which all denominations will receive equitable treatment on a per capita basis.

This is what is called statesmanship! Keeping solid with special classes seems to be the highest type of Canadian statesmanship. Our Methodist brethren are horrified to see the Roman Catholic church receiving money from the tax gatherers to support separate schools, yet behold a delegation of their members and politicians clamoring for more money to Methodize the Indians. I do not know how much of the taxpayers' wealth it requires to turn an Indian from sun dances to class meetings, nor have I the slightest idea how much better a Methodist Indian is than an Anglican Indian or a Roman Catholic Indian, or whether, in fact, the old saying that a good Indian is a dead Indian is not pretty generally true. One thing I do know is, that the Methodists do not believe in a state church and consequently cannot believe in a state-aided church, yet here they are through their representatives asking for more money to extend their church operations. They may claim that civilizing the Indian is a national work. It is no more a national work than christianizing the white man. As a matter of fact, they are encouraging by their example the continual demands of other churches for separate schools and state recognition. Premier Abbott of course promised like a politician, and he has in view "the establishment of a new system by which all denominations will receive equitable treatment on a *per capita* basis." What rubbish! Talk about stuffing voters' lists! It is not half as absurd or degrading as to see a politician stuffing religionists. It is not that he is unwilling to do what he says which makes the demand and the promise an absurdity before all men and a spectacle in the sight of heaven. Look, ye Methodists, at yourselves! Look, ye taxpayers, at one another! Look, O thou Consistency, into the face of Sectarianism and Politics and be ashamed!

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We will suppose that Premier Abbott carries out his scheme of a *per capita* allowance to the Roman Catholics and Anglicans and Methodists and every other religionist who will accept it. What do we see? Probably fifty thousand dollars granted to the Roman Catholics, who always have been and always will be the best and most unselfish missionaries amongst the American Indians. This will be spent in teaching the red man that sun worship and Protestantism are things to be abhorred. Then forty thousand dollars, we will say for the sake of argument, are granted to the Anglicans and used in proving to probably the same Indians that Roman Catholicism and sun worship are equally bad. And then another forty thousand dollars may be granted to the Methodist brethren to make it evident to the same Indians that Anglicanism and formalism are synonymous, that Romanism is no better than paganism and that the Indian who wants to get to the happy hunting grounds must first kneel at the penitent bench. Is a greater absurdity possible? What will the Indians think of all this? Those migratory tribes will no doubt accept the pork and potatoes of each mission and accept each doctrine along with the food so long as the aforesaid pork and potatoes last. But I am doubtful if with all the grinding of these many mills there shall be found many Christians in the grist.

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Think of Protestant denominations sending missionaries down to the Lower Provinces to convert the Catholics and then accepting the principle that the Catholics or any other denomination have a right to receive aid from the Government to go up and make Roman Catholics out of the Indians. More utter nonsense than the subsidizing of various religious denominations to teach conflicting doctrines in the North-West was never heard of. A portion at least of the Anglicans believe in a state church and they can be excused, but the Methodists do not believe in a state church, unless perhaps that state church be Methodist, and this is a mental reservation that is common to many other denominations. Receiving aid from a government is the same in principle. A state church is either right or wrong and the principle is either right or wrong. The Roman Catholics are thoroughly consistent, for they believe in a state church and that that state church should be presided over by His Holiness the Pope. It is absurd to talk of state churches, for if a state has a right to legislate in such matters it has a right to select the church and avoid the folly of subsidizing bodies which teach conflicting doctrines, as would be the case if there were half a dozen state churches tearing each other's eyes out. If it has a right to select the church which is to be supported by the state, it has an equal right to say that other churches shall not exist. If it has a right to say that but one church shall exist, its right must be unquestioned to say that no one shall belong to any other and that no one shall refuse under the severest pains and penalties to belong to the one which has been selected as right. This is Roman Catholic doctrine; it is thoroughly consistent and under it the Inquisition becomes not a machine of torture, but a method of saving heretics from doing evil to the community and disturbing the peace of God's vice-gerent on earth. Are the Methodists prepared to accept this doctrine? If not, why do they accept this principle and the pap?

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Again, if the Methodist church accepts from Premier Abbott a bonus on behalf of their Indian missions, have they not taken their shilling and are they not bound to support the government which is supporting them? Can they as fearlessly criticize what they may esteem to be corrupt acts as if they were unhampered by a subsidy? Can they declaim against separate state-aided schools while clamoring for separate state-aided missions? If every denomination is to have separate missions with a government grant "on a *per capita* basis," it must follow of course that separate schools are the proper method. It seems evident that this is the new Protestant idea. If so, I shall try to adapt myself to it and shall make no further protest against Roman Catholic separate schools. Then let us have Anglican separate schools, Presbyterian separate schools, Methodist separate schools, Baptist separate schools, Congregational separate schools, Swedenborgian separate schools, Jewish separate schools—separate schools of every variety. Of course these would destroy the public school system, but what matters it? Who cares for the public schools so long as sectarianism has its way? What matters the national idea, the idea of a common citizenship so long as each religious faction gets its plum, so long as doctors of divinity are able to steer their followers to heaven on separate roads? Of course these learned doctors after having divided up the country on the mission and school questions, will each want separate postoffices, separate lunatic asylums, separate jails, separate poor houses, and will be in a hurry to die and get to the world beyond so as to arrange for separate heavens. Of course the whole business will be spoiled if they do not have separate heavens! We cannot think of having to associate with one another in the same heaven should any of us in the ferocity of our sectarian folly escape the other place. I cannot see exactly how they can work the separate heaven business, for we all agree there is only one God, but in His infinite kindness and mercy He may probably arrange to visit the separate heavens turn about and make the duration of His visit "on a *per capita* basis."

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There are infinite possibilities in this "separate" business. We might have separate stores for each sect, in fact might colonize the various denominations and have a separate parliament and a separate governor-general, separate laws, separate tariffs, separate militia. Separate militia is a good idea, for by means of it we might arrange to kill one another and thus improve the "*per capita*" standing of the most powerful denomination. Oh, this idea has meat in it! blood in it! What fun we will have if we work it out! I must admit that it does not look very workable, but the whole of it is just as sensible as the start we have made. If we are to bonus conflicting things, why not assist the Indians to send missionaries to Toronto to teach us how to run an honorable election? There is no ballot box stuffing, no impersonation, no graveyard votes when they elect a chief. Wouldn't it be well to have missionaries from the Indians come down and give us some pointers? Instances are not lacking in American history when white men fled to the Indians for protection from their religious persecutors. In the old Puritan days in New England when Roger Williams was preaching that every man should be conscience-free to worship God in the way he was persuaded He requires, he fled to the Indians to escape the persecution of the fanatics of that time. Had they not protected him, the first state in the Union in which the toleration of a few Christian sects was extended to compass every religious sect would not have been founded, and perhaps the work begun in Rhode Island would not have rolled on until freedom to worship God according to the dictates of conscience with none to make His worshipper afraid would not have been incorporated as a part of the constitution of the United States.

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A similar system to the one asked by the Methodist brethren and promised by Premier Abbott, was attempted in Virginia over a hundred years ago. It took the shape of what was called the Assessment Bill. Everyone was to be taxed to support religion but to have the liberty of saying to which denomination his tax was to be applied. Are we ready for that in Canada? Is a measure similar to that defeated then to be imposed upon us now? The law which exempts church property from taxation is even a less defensible measure, for our taxes are increased by these exemptions and the increased amount is apportioned without our consent, going to those denominations which have the most expensive churches, the largest amount of exempted land, without our protest being listened to or our wishes in the matter consulted.

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I was surprised at the Ministerial Association at its last meeting insisting that what was wanted in these days of political corruption was that the churches should take more part in politics. I don't know what greater part they should take than in sharing in paying the taxes. Instead they demand exemption from taxation in the city and want bonuses from Ottawa to help their missionary enterprises. Probably they desire to enter more warmly into the campaigns and get more exemptions and more bonuses. They do not want to take the trouble to do any voting that is merely for the good of the country and the real good men of this town are willing to stay home and be personated at the polls. They haven't interest enough in elections to attend primaries. Nothing will bring them out except something threatening the privileges of their church. What is to become of the general good of the country when no "good" people care for it? Nothing interests a county now except new public buildings or some fat office. How can it be different when the only politics that interest a church are Sunday street cars, exemptions and Dominion subsidies?

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Yet our religious friends, our Methodist brethren principally, are always railing at th

CONNOISSEURS IN ART.

saloon keepers because they take so much part in politics. Now why shouldn't the liquor dealer have a big say in the government of the country? The stuff he sells pays higher taxes than any other material manufactured, he pays a big license for the privilege of selling it, and then he pays his regular taxes besides and at every election has to give up a donation to the campaign expenses of the Christian Politician; in fact, he and the stuff he sells have to pay taxes nearly ten times over. Why shouldn't he have something to say? The brethren who rail at him from the churches are quite willing to have their burdens lessened by the continuance of the "soul-destroying traffic;" they would rather see open saloons than the abolition of church exemptions; they are too careless or indolent to go out and vote and to do their share of the work. Then how in the name of all that is fair can they refuse this man who pays ten times the taxes that they do on the same amount of business, an opportunity to get even once in a while by having a little something extra to say on election day? I have mentioned all these things so that the correspondents I have asked to contribute answers to this question of political corruption, may have some *data* upon which to go. Truly we are a good, good people, a people of high deals and noble consistency. Isn't it inconceivable that we should be afflicted by this plague of political corruption? Isn't it strange that the Equal Rights movement flattened out even though it became evident that Protestants do not want equal rights? Isn't it odd that W. R. Meredith and D'Alton McCarthy ceased advocating principles supposed to be those of Protestantism and equality, even though Protestantism has demonstrated by its vote that it is in favor of separate schools and dual language and sectarian subsidies? Isn't it strange that we have no great men, no national sentiment? Isn't it passing strange that with all this sectarianism we have not been able to obtain pure politics?

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If the present civic administration continues its able management of Toronto's affairs, there is no telling what may happen. The Mayor and his faction have obstructed public improvements until summer is almost on us and nothing has been done. The engineer resigned at an important crisis, as the Council were threatening to advertise for a new one. The water works engineer has also resigned because he had been promised an increase of salary which he didn't get. Aldermen wilfully absent themselves from important meetings in order to obstruct public business. In the meantime the taxpayer groans under his burdens and wonders how he shall be able to meet the tax gatherer. Public confidence is being destroyed by the folly and weakness of the administration. Helplessly enough and pitifully enough some of those who are patiently staggering along under their load gaze at the gang in power and wonder if Toronto is always to be ruled by this same variety of men.

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Those who know the facts have long been suggesting that the Mounted Police force now patrolling the North-West is altogether too large. Settlements have extended so far and population increased so considerably that a local militia force to be called out in a time of danger could very well take the place of the present policemen. The money thus paid to settlers would be very welcome and the saving to the country would still be great. There is little or no danger of an outbreak and if such an outbreak were threatened, half the present force would be sufficient to over-awe the malcontents. Everyone in the North-West knows this to be true, yet because money is spent for supplies in the settlements local representatives dare not propose this necessary reform.

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I used to hear an old song called, A Face at the Window is Waiting for Me. It was a very pretty song. Someone ought to write a parody on it, There is a Face in the Newspaper Waiting for Me. One cannot open a daily sheet or a weekly, religious or otherwise, without being met by some repulsive countenance. It is probably an alleged portrait of Mrs. Jones' Sniff, cured of catarrh by some quack doctor, or Mr. Rattlebones, who gained fifty pounds in fifty days by taking somebody's cod liver oil. On the next page Master Tommy Scabb beams upon us, first suffering from an ulcer and then in bounding health after being treated by some other variety of quack. People with and without pimples shrink from our gaze; two-headed boys and hairy girls, freaks with an astounding number of fingers or an extra leg adorn the announcements of catch penny museums until newspapers are a medley of horrors and deformities. I believe in illustrated advertisements, but I am of the opinion that no bill board, show card nor newspaper columns should be defaced by the pictures of freaks, deformities and diseases. These things have their effect not only in making the eye of the reader accustomed to hideous things, but antenatal influences of this sort have more than once caused the reproduction of freaks and deformities. Self-respecting newspapers should forbid the insertion of such things. There are other classes of advertisements appearing in daily newspapers in this city which make great claim to high moral tone, which are a disgrace to their columns. If they mean anything they mean something vile and the remedies advertised unless they are not nostrums prepared for those who have been frightened, are such as should not be offered to the public. Altogether it seems to me that there might be some editing profitably done in the advertising columns, and the pictorial horrors make us sigh for the good old days when Lydia Pinkham first shone upon us. DON.

Social and Personal.

The social event of next week will be the Victoria Club ball, to be given on the 25th, in honor of their Excellencies Lord and Lady Stanley of Preston. A few of the advance notes of what promises to be a most elegant and charming affair, have floated into the sanctum. First, the programmes are most *recherche*, with the handsome monogram of the club on the front and a pretty photograph of the club building, taken by Tugwell of King street west, on the back. In order to provide some way of filling the time usually spent by the guests in weary waiting for the vice-Regal party, four extra dances are arranged to take place before the regular programme commences. Those buds and blossoms who promise extra dances in advance must remember this and arrive in good time, or their cavaliers will be partnerless and inconsolable. The eighth valse should set every dainty foot flying, for it is to be the Lotus Eaters, the composer of which, as everyone knows, is our own Mrs. G. T. Blackstock; and we all know how we dance to her music. The gay Parisians are also dancing to the Lotus Eaters, which has attained great success in *la belle Paris*. A large number of invitations have already been sent out, and with those required to be reserved for out-of-town visitors, the success of the ball is assured. Corlett's orchestra, numbering thirty instruments, will provide the music, and into Webb's successful hands the supper *menu* has been entrusted, and from what I hear, a most elegant and dainty repast will be offered to the merry throng of the Victoria Club's guests. The programme of dances is as follows:

Extras—1. Valse	Carmenita	Marzialta
2. Polka	Tarara boom de ay	Short
3 Valse	Daughter of Love	Bennett
4 Military Schottische	Four Little Curly Headed Coons	
1. Quadrille	Semi-Centennial Quad	Wheeler
2 Valse	Impassioned Dream	Rosse
3. "	Pearls of the Ocean	Buenlomi
4. Polka	West Point Cadet	Tobani
5 Valse	La Tosca	Bogert
6. Military Schottische	Darkey's Dream	Landing
7. Lancers	Military Lancers	Corlett
8 Valse	The Lotus Eaters	Mrs. Blackstock
9. Polka	Hi tiddley hi ti	Ringleben
Extras—5. Valse	Aphrodite	Jaxone
6 Military Schottische	Cocoanut Dance	Herman
7 Valse	La Serenata	Jaxone
10 Highland Schottische	Scotch Airs	Corlett
11 Valse	Wang	Meese
12 Polka	Lily	Hamlet
13 Valse	Cocotte	Millocker
14 Gallop	Prestissimo	Waldteufel
15 Polka	Country Ramble	Buenlomi
16 Valse	Loin du bal	Gillet
17 Military Schottische	Laugh, oh! Coon	Wheeler
18 Valse	Our Last	Lowthian

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Mr. F. J. Ross of the Merchants' Bank is away on his wedding tour. He was married to Miss Aird at St. Stephen's church last Wednesday morning.

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Miss Constance Fairbanks, lately editor of the Halifax *Critic*, is visiting friends in the city.

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Mr. and Mrs. Archibald M. Huestis have returned from their tour and will be At Home to their friends during the coming week at 499 Sherbourne street.

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Mrs. Arthurs gave a small lunch party last week.

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Sir David and Lady Macpherson and Mrs. Bankes have returned to Chestnut Park. A winter in Bournemouth has evidently agreed with Sir David; he is looking hale and hearty.

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Mr. and Mrs. Percival Ridout have returned to Rosedale House from Jacksonville, Fla., where they passed the winter months.

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Mrs. Cosby gave a very large dinner party on the 12th; the table was exquisitely decorated with white roses.

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The hospitable doors of the Homewood were once more thrown open to the *haut ton* of Toronto society, on Saturday last, when Mrs. Homer Dixon gave the At Home which was unavoidably postponed from March 31. The sweet strains of Neapolitano's band sounded through the rooms mingled with the chatter of merry voices. Spring toilets of a ravishing loveliness were worn by the society belles who mustered in force, and the presence of a great many of the sterner sex was a marked feature of the entertainment. The refreshment table was beautifully decorated with a profusion of pink and white roses which set off the exquisite cut glass and old family silver that again did duty in the spacious dining-room. Amongst those present I noticed: Mr. and Mrs. James Henderson, Mrs. L. R. O'Brien, Mrs. Henry O'Brien, Mrs. DeMoulin, Mrs. Goldwin Smith, Miss Crooks, Mrs. Dawson, Miss Aileen Dawson, Mrs. MacMahon, Mrs. Foster, Miss Blair of Kingston, Miss Wilkie, Miss McLean Howard, Mrs. and Miss Mackenzie, Mrs. Clarkson, Mrs. Stephen Jarvis, Mrs. Yarker, Miss Maud Yarker, Mr. and the Misses Seymour, Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Hay, Miss Small, Miss Hodgins, Miss Minnie Temple, Miss Macklem, Mrs. H. C. R. Becher, Mrs. and Miss John Cawthra, Mrs. Percy Gale, Miss Heward, Miss Julia Jarvis, Mrs. Manning, Mrs. Edward Blake, Mrs. William Baldwin, Mrs. J. Delamere, Mrs. Robert Baldwin, Mrs. Grant Macdonald, Mrs. Coulson, Mrs. Cosby, Miss Maud McLean, the Misses Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. Granville C. Cunningham, Mrs. and the Misses Montizambert, Mrs. Walter Barwick, Col. and Mrs. G. T. Denison, Mr. and Mrs. Edgar, Mrs. Moss, Mrs. Douglas Armour, Mrs. Ross Robertson, Miss Edith Greene, the Misses Todd, Mrs. Charles O'Reilly, Mrs. J. K. Macdonald.

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Mrs. Edmund Wragge had a small tea for Mrs. Gwynne, who has been staying with her daughter, Mrs. Henry Grasett Baldwin.

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Dunveland, the handsome residence of Mr. Henry O'Brien, has been let for a year, during which time the family will travel. Mrs. and the Misses O'Brien sail to-day for the Old Country. Mr. O'Brien, joining them in July, will spend his vacation with them on the Continent.

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The hymn For Those in Peril on the Sea forms part of the usual morning service in St. James' Cathedral now. Sunday, May 8, it was sung for Mr. Henry Cawthra and family; last Sunday for Mrs. Harry Grasett, Miss May Brough and Miss Yarker, who sailed on the Servia the day before.

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Mrs. John Cawthra's At Home on May 12 was a great success, and gave many of her friends the opportunity of not only meeting one another, but also admiring the many beautiful curios which Mr. and Miss Cawthra collected during their voyage around the world. China embroideries, Benares silver, pictures and works of art of every description showed the exquisite taste of the collectors and made the house a scene of loveliness of a nature one would hardly expect to find in Beverley street, Toronto, Canada. Prof. Goldwin and Mrs. Smith, Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Denison, Mrs. Stephen Heward, Mrs. C. S. Gzowski, Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Otter, Mrs. Macdougall, Mrs. Edward Blake, Mrs. W. Blake, Mrs. Charles Moss, Mrs. Melfort Boulton, Mr. Yarker, Miss Dupont, Miss Amy Dupont, Mrs. J. D. Hay, Mr. and Miss Parsons, Mrs. MacMahon, Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Jarvis, Mrs. Clarkson, Mrs. E. Wragge, Mr. and Walter Gillespie, Mrs. Larratt-Smith, Miss Violet Larratt-Smith, Mrs. A. Nordheimer, Mrs. J. K. Kerr, Mrs. and the Misses Seymour, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Brock, Miss Beardmore, Mrs. and Miss Mackenzie, Mrs. Mervyn Mackenzie, Mrs. and the Misses Montizambert, Miss Perkins, Mrs. Pemberton, Mrs. DuMoulin, Commander and Mrs. Law and Mrs. Arkle were among the guests.

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Major Vidal has been removed to London. Major and Mrs. Vidal left the New Fort on Saturday to take up their new quarters in the Forest City. Major Buchan will replace Major Vidal.

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Mrs. E. C. Jones and Mrs. Winne sail for England on June 2.

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Mrs Yarker gave a small tea for her mother, Mrs. Fraser of Kingston, on Monday; only a few intimate friends were invited.

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The numerous friends of Captain Geddes will be glad to hear that he is now rapidly recovering from his accident, which was one of the most complicated fractures ever known to medical science. His being able ever to walk again is due to the skill of Dr. Grasett, whose ability as a surgeon has always been known in his native place.

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Mrs. Walter Barwick has removed to the upper part of St. George street, near Prince Arthur avenue.

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Mrs. Langmuir has been visiting her family in New York for some weeks.

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Miss Roper, sister of the incumbent of St. Thomas' church, has returned to England.

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A pleasant At Home took place at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Ruse, 112 Huron street, on Monday evening, where the choir of Beverley street Baptist church, of which Mr. Ruse is choir-master, was hospitably entertained. The company, consisting of about thirty-five guests, assembled at eight o'clock and passed the time until half-past eleven with various amusements suitable to the occasion. Before dispersing the Handel Male Quartette, which has reached a high state of proficiency, under Mr. Ruse's direction, rendered a number of selections, all of which were much enjoyed by those present. A few guests outside the choir were present and assisted in promoting the general sociability of the At Home.

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Mrs. Donald Ridout has been in New York for some time.

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Mrs. Thomas Tait has returned from Washington.

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Mrs. S. Nordheimer is visiting her cousin, Mrs. Thomas Grimshawe, in North Carolina. Miss Langmuir accompanied her on the trip.

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Mrs. Albert Nordheimer gave a farewell dance on Monday night, which was most enjoyable. Mr. and Mrs. Albert Nordheimer left Toronto on Wednesday, taking their family for a tour in England and the Continent. Sir Alexander Campbell has taken their residence, Kenmore, for fifteen months, while they are abroad.

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At Mrs. Nordheimer's dance I noticed: Mrs. John Cawthra and Miss Cawthra, the latter looking particularly well in a dainty white gown; Mrs. and Miss Yarker, Miss Yarker wearing a handsome orange silk under black lace; Miss Marjorie Campbell, in a sweet gown of pale blue with white *crepon;* Mr. and Miss Small, the Misses Montizambert, Mr. and Mrs. Edwards, Mrs. J. K. Kerr, Mrs. Douglas Armour, in a light and delicate pink gown; Miss Lindsay, in black; Miss Osler, in light blue; Mrs. Barwick, in gray; Miss Minnie Parsons, in pale green silk under black lace; Miss McMicking, Mr. and Mrs. McCullough, Mr. S. Heward, Capt. Macdonell, Mr. Cockburn, Mr. Gordon Jones and many others, in all numbering about one hundred.

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A much appreciated acquisition to society circles is Miss Lindsay, who is visiting Mrs. John Cawthra of Beverley street.

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Colonel and Mrs. Sweny are in England.

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The Ontario Jockey Club Race Meeting always excites great interest in society and sporting circles, and just now our milliners are busy to distraction with dozens of beautiful *chic* and daring costumes, which one sees in perfection only at the races. La Mode will no doubt be on the *qui vive* and give descriptions.

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The Toronto Amateur Dramatic Company, under the direction of Mr. Gerald Donaldson, are going to Port Hope, on May 24, to play the Russian Honeymoon.

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Mr. Norman Playfair of 131 Isabella street gave a charming farwell dance last Thursday evening previous to his departure for New York.

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Mr. Ernest VanKoughnet left for a tour through Europe last Thursday.

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Miss Sidney Tully gave a large tea at her studio last Thursday.

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Mr. Willie Kirkpatrick has been moved by the Bank of Toronto from here to Cobourg to occupy the position of ledger keeper.

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The engagement of Mr. Bruce of Hamilton and Miss Fanny Small has been announced.

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Mrs. Boddy gave an At Home in the Convocation Hall of Trinity College on last Thursday evening.

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Mrs. Rolleston of Lakefield is a guest of Miss Tully, 55 Beverley street.

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Miss Fannie Sutherland has removed to Beverley street.

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Mrs. C. V. Temple has returned from New York and has been receiving her friends at her pretty home on Huron street. Large numbers have paid their respects. Mrs. Temple's day is Tuesday.

* * *

Miss Daisy Ince gave a young people's dance last Friday evening, which was largely attended. Among those present were: The Misses Morrison, White, Robinson, Wise, Cross, Strathy, Louckes, Christie, Proctor, Hoskins, Canniff, and Messrs. Strathy, Rolph, Hoskins, McMurrich, McCrae, Willis, Armstrong, Cooper, Canniff, E. Rolph, McGillivray, Patterson, Rogers, Ashworth, Bonnell; Miss Cross wore a peculiar green *chiffon*, with pink roses, which suited her to perfection; Miss Daisy Ince was in white; Miss Robinson looked sweet in a pure white gown: Miss Canniff wore a pretty pink frock. White was the favorite color, and was most suitable to the budding loveliness of the young girls.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Percy Rutherford have been visiting in New York.

* * *

I am told that Mrs. G. T. Blackstock is not yet equal to the calls of that society which so misses her bright presence. I hope soon to chronicle her complete recovery.

* * *

An anniversary which always calls up warm remembrance of our brave Grenadiers was celebrated by the dinner at Webb's last Saturday evening, when the heroes of Batoche were gathered around a most attractive board, and the feast of good things was done ample justice to.

* * *

The Queen's Own had a march out with martial music last Wednesday evening. When the regiment reached Carlton street, on their way down Sherbourne street, the residence of Mr. Pellatt was suddenly illuminated with rose-colored lights, shedding a warm glow over the tree-dotted Gardens and reddening the evening air for a considerable distance. The crowd cheered and the pretty recognition was appreciated by the trim laddies of our own pet regiment.

* * *

Mr. Yarker is spending some time in New York.

* * *

Miss Helen McCaul, Miss Edith Yarker and Miss May Brough have gone to England with Mrs. Grasett.

* * *

Mrs. Sheriff Jarvis is at Lakewood with her daughter, Mrs. Brydges.

* * *

Mrs. John Wright gave a lovely euchre party last Wednesday evening at 256 Victoria street. About forty guests were present, among whom I noticed: Mr. and Mrs. Osborne, Col. and Mrs. Davidson, Mr. and Mrs. Bristol, Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Armour, Mr. and Miss Bolte, Mr. and Mrs. Creelman, Mr. and Mrs. Cameron, Mr. and Mrs. Gibson, Misses Arthurs, Janes, Montizambert, Dallas, Leslie, and Messrs. Ricketts, Boddy, Winslow, Boyd, Haskins, Croil and others.

* * *

Professor Clark of Trinity College lectured to a very large audience last Thursday week, in Brantford, on Books and Reading. Those who know the professor's delightful handling of this subject, on which he speaks *con amore*, can understand the pleasure he gave to the bright folks of Brantford.

* * *

Dr. William Osler, chief medical officer of John Hopkins Hospital and a professor of John Hopkins University, was married recently at Philadelphia to a most charming lady of the Quaker City. The doctor and his bride visited Toronto on their wedding tour and he was presented with an address, a handsome bronze inkstand and a silver-handled paper knife, by his brother medicos of Toronto. The address was read by Dr. Holford Walker and the presentation was made by Dr. Grasett. Dr. Osler thanked his friends for their expression of good-will, and assured them of his continual interest in the city which was his boyhood's home. The doctor is a Canadian who has risen by sheer ability to the high position he now holds, and Toronto may well be proud of the success achieved by one of her sons.

* * *

The exhibition of the Toronto Camera Club, which has been open for some days this week in their rooms in Yonge street Market Building, is well worthy of a visit. This interesting association numbers some hundred members, and its object is the encouragement of amateur photography. Some of the work on exhibition would command admiration anywhere. The prizes, thirteen in number, were awarded by Sir Daniel Wilson, Mr. J. Fraser Bryce and Mr. J. T. Rolph, the judges, as follows: Class A—Amateur work throughout—Landscape, A. W. Croil; marine, F. D. Manchee; architectural, A. W. Croil; interior, A. W. Croil; group, R. G. Munro; lantern slide, H. English; enlargements, A. W. Croil. Class B—Professional printing; negatives only by amateurs—Landscape, F. D. Manchee; marine, E. H. Walsh; architectural, E. H. Walsh; interior, G. S. C. Bethune; portrait, A. W. Croil; group, G. H. Gooderham. Special—Best work on cramer plate, F. D. Manchee. Best work on iso chromatic plate, E. English. Best work on Starr plate, 1, G. H. Gooderham; 2, T. Langton; 3, J. G. Ridout. Best general work, W. H. Ellis.

* * *

The Misses Baird of Grosvenor street gave a five o'clock tea last Tuesday evening.

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Five good reasons why this is the best sprinkler to buy:
1. It will not clog up. 2. It will sprinkle a circle from 4 to 40 feet in diameter, according to the water pressure. 3. It distributes the water equally over the entire service, wasting none around the base of the machine. 4. This is the only machine ever invented that will sprinkle water in a half-circle, thus preventing the wetting of walks while thoroughly sprinkling the lawn. 5. It can be changed from a circle to a half-circle or vice versa, in five seconds.
We now claim to have the only perfect sprinkler in existence. It is simple, will not wear out nor clog up. It is well made and handsomely nickled, is boxed singly with full directions how to use. Its merits are, without question, pre-eminently superior to any other.
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COMIC COOKERY BOOK
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DYSPEPTIC'S GUIDE TO THE GRAVE
By F. H. CURTIS
"This neatly get up little work will repay a perusal by any one who can enjoy a good pun and appreciate such humor as ripples beneath the surface of a devilishly spiritual joke. This book absolutely bristles from beginning to end with catch phrases and ! has memorable.
JAMES BAIN & SON, Fine Stationery, Toronto

Sweet Summer Time.

HERE is some valuable advice concerning the treatment of serge and soft checked woollen gowns, that are so much used now all through the summer season. Little flounces edge the skirts, the backs are all cut on the cross, black satin bows are often introduced in the center of the back at the waist, and the vests are quaint and curious. Fabrics, too, are curiously commingled—for example, a *crepon*, red black and white, the design diamonds, was made as a plain skirt over silk, but with it was a short black cloth Eton jacket, braided, opening over a vest, the *crepon* being introduced on both sleeves in a pointed form up in the inside of the arm. *Crepons* are in fashion. A dark navy blue with pin-point white spots is a good illustration of the modes; it had been made up with black satin, the bodice trimmed with white guipure, opening over a soft blue silk accordion-plaited vest. Navy serges are always in vogue, and an admirable example has been made with a black satin Swiss belt, with two twisted rouleaux down the center of the front. The seams of the skirt were piped with black satin, and a soft yellow silk spotted shirt was to be worn with it, the deep sailor collar and cuffs being vandyked with a darker shade. The silk fell in a jabot down the front. The jacket for wearing over this was made in serge, with three Normandy folk plaits down the back, the basque being gathered on it, the junction being hidden by a band of black satin ribbon; this was drawn inside the bodice under the arms, and, passing through the rouleaux and the Swiss belt, was tied in a bow. Short capes of a certain kind are likely to be worn, and a stylish specimen reached to the waist; it was made of a shaded striped velvet, dark at the outer edge and light at the throat. The cape was cut in a straight piece, lined with silk, and plaited on to the throat beneath a guipure yoke and high collar. A puce-colored velvet cape was most elaborately trimmed with handsome jet passementerie, fringe, and black silk guipure. This when on appeared to open wide, and showed a waistcoat of soft black lisse and jet; while another in violet velvet, to be worn with a violet cloth gown, opened sufficiently wide to show the entire front of the dress, the bows being of horizontally striped shaded velvet, the tint gray and heliotrope shot. This velvet is one of the most novel features of the present season. Some beautiful cloaks are made like loose dresses of unlined brocaded silk, the sleeves large and coming over the hand, the front draped like a fichu with a contrasting material edged with fringe, and fastening on one side. Cables of jet are a favorite form of trimming, and the gathered selvage of the material is frequently made to play an all-important part. French spring toilets for out-door and in-door wear are varied enough in styles and colors to suit all tastes. For example, a royal blue cloth with mantle to match, has a full deep ruffle of black chantilly round the bottom of the skirt, a wide fall of the same lace round the neck and over the shoulders, and broad floating streamers of mire antique ribbon to give the ever-present suggestion of Watteau.

A favorite occupation for those who lead a gay life, and so have plenty of opportunity for displaying such achievements, is the working of girdles, satchels, belts, epaulettes, and fillets for the hair. These are made almost entirely of jewels, mixed in between golden and tinsel threads. The fillets are made up on a foundation of beaneet wire, the bands being double or triple to suit the *coiffure* of the wearer. The embroidery is executed on strips of colored satin ribbon, only wide enough to cover the wire easily, allowing about a quarter of an inch to turn over to the wrong side, where it is held in place by stitches of stout thread carried across in lacing fashion from edge to edge. The bands may be lined with sarsenet if desired, but this should not be done if there is any chance of its making the fillet at all bulky, for it should set closely to the head, the hair being lightly puffed up between the bands.

Unless the material is very handsome, trains are slight, merely brushing the floor. Sleeves, too, are worn shorter, scarcely reaching the wrist, and two-thirds of the sleeves have double cuffs, the first long and tight from the elbow down, the second narrow, flaring, and set in an inch and a half below the bend of the arm.

Some cool summer petticoats are of gray alpaca with a full *ruche* around them; others are of flowered moreen made plain; but the most general are the fancy plaid silks with one very deep flounce, the upper part being cut as plainly as possible. A good idea is to make the skirt of alpaca, trimmed with pinked silk ruffles. Instead of a single flounce, three narrow frills are prettier and will carry the trimmings up above where the skirt's foundation is apt to show. Mohair is springy, sheds dust, has an admirable lustre, and does not cut in long slits as silk is so apt to do in its continual rubbing against the dress. Elaborate petticoats are striped in primrose and black, with alternate ruffles of black lace and thin changeable silk. Others are of gray and blue striped and shot silk, the flounces being festooned with bunches of blue and gray baby ribbon, combined in fancy bows.

Black evening shoes have stars of beads studded all over them. Black and bronze leather ones are cut in an open pattern on the toe and show gold or silver leather beneath. Most evening shoes and slippers are of silk or brocade when full evening dress is worn.

For summer costumes bright colors will prevail; fastenings, as a rule, will be invisible, and yokes and capes of lace beginning and ending in an indescribable fashion will add an acknowledged charm to the perfect dress. For tea-gowns a new material is in vogue, known as Venetian corduroy. It is charming in its combination of colors; as, for example, pink cords on a heliotrope ground, pale blue, with tan or green shining against cream. The flowery patterns scattered across this pleasing stuff are *chine* blossoms in delicate hues, harmonizing with the general effect. For these garments a new Watteau plait is used, springing gradually in a long V from between the shoulders. The fronts are almost invariably composed of some soft lace, which also supplements the sleeves where the heavy material ends a trifle below the elbow. Figured *chine* alpaca is likewise new, and looks well, trimmed with *crepe de chine* for tea-gowns. Princess backs are very graceful and always becoming to slender figures, and in such instances the sleeves are always exaggeratedly high and full. Yellow *crepon* is much in fashion, made with a loose front and pointed girdle of velvet. Printed gold-tinted surah is prettily trimmed with net frillings edged with guipure and brown velvet.

LA MODE.

Escape of the Slave Ship.

In the blue hollow of the starless night, the shaded lights of the gun brig made but a dimly brighter area in the void immensity. To the watcher upon her deck the feeble rays which escaped from the darkened battle lanterns made the black bulwarks and shrouds trend, ing into the mere murkiness of her tops, unreal; and only space itself reality. The slow yielding crush of her heavy bows into the impercepible heave of the ocean brought but the slightest phosphoric glimmer in the faint moist freshness of the night; no current of air drew through the idle cordage; no yard creaked in its slings; no plank complained against its fellow. All below slept. On deck the few who moved trod with the noiseless step of naked feet on well worn planks.

One shapeless mass of darker hue marked where, toward the bows, a gun's crew had cast loose and trained a long twelve-pounder. Grouped round its breech, listening, gazing, they now waited; while the captain of the gun, leaning against it, twisted the lanyard loosely between his fingers.

Near it the brig's commander stood, rigid as the taut rigging and calm rail against which he braced either hand. His gaze into the north was fixed upon that spot where the visible darkness seemed to take on a deeper tone. Did he err? Was this but one more delusion amid the unrealities of night? In doubt he waited silent, ready, intent.

A low-hulled schooner—under the land and nearer the horizon than the dark shadow showed—with taper spars raking far aft, caught the light drain of air which came before the first heralded approach of the morning. Swaying gently down, she seemed to reach forward with her hollow bows; and, dipping her leeward planking a few inches more into the clear green of the Atlantic, waveringly she pointed her quadrant-sweeping bowsprit to the west. Then, as the light ripple fled from her cutwater, slipped stealthily forward on her course, while, through the slight haze which came with the gray dawn, the loom of her gross mainsail showed faintly high in air, where no sail was.—*Charles Stewart Davison, in Short Stories.*

A Poor Meal.

Like all primitive peoples, the Maories are very inquisitive, and, in the manner of children, are inclined to bring everything to their mouths to taste its qualities. In the early days a party of Maories came across some bars of soap, which had been washed ashore from a wreck. Finding that the stuff was too sticky to be eaten raw, they resolved to cook it. Accordingly they cut it up into small pieces and sprinkled these pieces over the sweet potatoes and fish which formed their evening meal. Finally they covered the whole mass over with fern leaves and mats, and putting earth on the top, left everything to bake itself in the ovens till the evening. The scene at that evening meal must have been very funny. Not only did the tribe have to go supperless to bed, but the whole set of ovens was spoiled, and new ones had to be constructed before any further cooking could be done.

Friend (back of him)—Jump at him suddent, Jimmy, an' knock him down an' then I'll stick my dog on him!—*Life.*

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IN another month summer goods, lighter materials, will be wanted, and our plan is to dispose of the stock of tweeds, diagonals and that class before then.

An All-wool Cheviot Tweed, 25c.
Fancy Stripe Dress Tweeds, 30c., were 40c.
Fancy Jacquared Tweeds, 30c., were 40c.
Herringbone Twills, 35c., were 35c.
Stripe and Fancy Tweeds, 35c., were 50c.
Scotch Tweeds, 50c., were 70c.
Scotch Tweeds, fancy effects, 50c., were $1 to $1 25.

Not confined to tweeds though we've taken a great pride in tweeds, for every yard was the personal selection of our buyers in December and January last, who spent these months in the British markets.

All-wool Diagonals, 40c., were 50c.
French Vigoreaux, 50c. to 60c.
Beautiful line Jacquared Cloths, 50c., were 65c.
German Diagonals, wave effects, 50c. to 60c.
French Stripes, 50c. to 60c.
French Diagonals, variety shades, 20c.
French Broadcloths, 25c.

Only to hint that summer is coming and make you acquainted with some beautiful boating serges we sell you of:

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Cultivate Beauty!

It is the duty of everyone, man, woman and child to be beautiful. I have no patience with people who say, "O, no matter how I look, if I only feel good." If you will cultivate your face as well as your mind you will soon see signs of improvement no matter how old and ugly you may consider yourself to be. Come to make notches in the daily stick of time or forget how old you are, if need be, in order to be always young and always beautiful. You spend a mint of money upon personal adornment, but let the most charming part of the design (the body, "which is more than raiment,") take care of itself, as it were.

Go to! Yes, go to a "Beauty Doctor" and get cured of your ill looks. She will bring back your lost youth. I am in real earnest in recommending a "Beauty Doctor." When any part of our physical or mental being is in need of repair, science or skill should be employed to eradicate the evil. I am perfectly satisfied with my doctor, Mrs. Gervaise Graham ("Beauty Doctor,") who treats ladies for everything pertaining to their physical beauty, development of bust, neck and limbs, removes wrinkles, superfluous hair, etc., manufactures Rogeole Enamel, Cucumber and Elder Flower Cream, and a full line of other elegant cosmetics.—*Prairie Ladies' Journal, Oakland, Cal.*

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BY G. A. HENTY,

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CHAPTER VIII.

"I have some bad news, Isobel. At least I suppose you will consider it bad news," the major said one morning when he returned from the orderly room. "You heard me say that four companies were going to relieve those at Deennugbur. Well, I am going with them. It seems that the general is of opinion that in the present unsettled state of affairs it ought to be a field officer in command there, so I have to go. For myself I don't mind, but you will find it dull in a small station like that, after the gaieties of Cawnpore."

"I don't mind a bit, uncle, in that respect. I don't think I care much for galieties, but of course the more will be at Cawnpore. We have everything so nice here, it will be horrid having to leave it all. How long will it be for?"

"Six months, in the ordinary state of things, though of course something may occur to bring us in before that. Still, the change won't be as much trouble as you fancy. When we get there you can stay for two or three days with the Hunters till we have got the things to rights. There is one thing that you will be pleased about. Wade is going with us, at any rate for the present; you are a favorite of his you know, and I think that is the principal reason for his going. At any rate, when he heard that I was going he told the colonel that, as there was no illness in the regiment, he thought that if he did not object he would change places for a bit with McAlaster, the assistant surgeon, who had been with the detachment at Deennugghur for the last year, so as to give him a turn of duty at Cawnpore. He's a little shi-karing himself; there is more jungle and better shooting round Deennugghur than there is here, and you know the doctor is an enthusiast that way. Of course, the colonel agreed."

"I am very glad of that, uncle; it won't seem like going to a strange place at all, if we have him with us and the Hunters there, and I suppose three or four officers of the regiment. Who are going?"

"Both your boys," the major laughed, "and Doolan and Rintoul."

"When do we go, uncle?"

"Next Monday, I shall get somebody to put us up here from Friday, and that morning we will get everything dismantled here and send the carts by bullock carts with the servants to Deennugghur, so that they will be there by Monday morning. I will write to Hunter to pick us out the best of the empty bungalows, and see that our fellows get to work to clean the place up as soon as they arrive. We shall be two days on the march, and things will be pretty forward by the time we get there."

"And where shall we sleep on the march?"

"In tents, my dear, and very comfortable you will find them. Hannay will go with us, and you will find everything go on as smoothly as if you were here. Tent life in India is very pleasant. Next year, in the hot season, we will do an excursion somewhere, and I am sure you will find it delightful; they don't know anything about the capabilities of tents at home."

"Then do I quite understand, uncle, that all I have got to do is to make a round of calls to say good-bye to everyone?"

"That is all. You will find a lot of my cards in one of those pigeon holes; you may as well drop one wherever you go. Shall I order a carriage from Framjee's for to-day?"

"No, I think not, uncle. I will go round to our own bungalows first, and hear what Mrs. Doolan and the others think about it."

At Mrs. Doolan's Isobel found quite an assembly. Mrs. Rintoul had come in almost in tears, and the two young ensigns had dropped in with Captain Doolan, while one or two other officers had come round to commiserate with Mrs. Doolan.

"Another victim," the latter said as Isobel entered. "You look too cheerful, Miss Hannay. I find that we are expected to wear sad countenances at our approaching bereavements."

"Are we, Mrs. Doolan? It seems to me that it won't make very much difference to us."

"Not make any difference, Miss Hannay!" Captain Doolan said. "Why, Deennugghur is one of the dullest little stations on this side of India."

"What do you mean by dull, Captain Doolan?"

"Why, there are only about six white residents there besides the troops. Of course as four companies are going instead of one, it will make a difference; but there will be no gaiety, no excitement, and really nothing to do."

"As for the gaiety, I am sure I shall not regret it, Captain Doolan; besides, our gaieties are pretty well over, except, of course, dinner parties, and it is getting very hot for them. We shall get off having to go out in the heat of the day to make calls, which seem to me terrible afflictions, and I think with a small party it ought to be very sociable and pleasant. As for excitement, I hear that there is much better shooting there than there is here. Mrs. Hunter was telling me that they have some tigress that have been very troublesome round there, and you will not have an opportunity of distinguishing yourselves. I know that Mr. Richards and Mr. Wilson are burning to distinguish themselves."

"It would be great fun to shoot a tiger," Richards said. "When I came out to India I thought there was going to be lots of tiger shooting, and I bought a rifle on purpose, but I have never had a chance yet. Yes, we will certainly get up a tiger hunt, won't we, Wilson! You will tell us how to set about it, won't you, Doolan?"

"I don't shoot," Captain Doolan said, "and if I wanted to I am not sure that my wife would give me leave."

"Certainly I would not," Mrs. Doolan said promptly. "Married men have no right to run into unnecessary danger."

"Dr. Wade will be able to put you in the way, Mr. Richards," Isobel said.

"Dr. Wade!" Mrs. Rintoul exclaimed. "You don't mean to say, Miss Hannay, that he is going with us?"

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"I am afraid we are all against you, Mrs. Rintoul," Mrs. Doolan said, with a little shake of her head at Isobel, who was, she saw, going to speak out strongly. "No one could possibly be kinder than he is when anyone is really ill. I mean seriously ill," she added, as Mrs. Rintoul drew herself up indignantly. "I shall never forget how attentive he was to the children when they were down with fever just before he went to England. He missed his ship and lost a month of his leave because he would not go away till they were out of danger, and there are very few men who would have done that. I shall never forget his kindness. And now let us talk of something else. You will have to establish a little mess on your own account, Mr. Wilson, as both the captains are married men, and the major has also an incumbrance."

"Yes, it will be horribly dull, Mrs. Doolan. Richards and I have quarters together here, and of course it will be the same there, and I am sure I don't know what we shall find to talk about when we come to have to mess together. Of course here, there are the messroom and billiard-room, and we get on very well, but to be together always will be awful."

"You will really have to take to reading or something of that sort, Mr. Wilson," Isobel laughed.

"I always do read the *Field*, Miss Hannay, but that won't last for a whole week you know; and there is no billiard-table, and no racquet court, or anything else at Deennugghur, and one cannot always be riding about the country."

"We shall all have to take pity on you as much as we can," Mrs. Doolan said. "I must say that, like Miss Hannay, I shall not object to the change."

"I think it is all very well for you, Mrs. Doolan, you have children."

"Well, Mr. Richards, I will let you both, as a great treat, take them out for a walk sometimes of a morning instead of their going with the ayah. They will make a change too."

There was a general laugh, but Wilson said manfully: "Very well, Mrs. Doolan; I am very fond of youngsters, and I should like to take, anyhow, the two eldest out sometimes. I don't think I should make much hand with the other two, but perhaps Richards would like to come in and amuse them while we are out, he is just the fellow for young ones."

There was another laugh in which Richards joined.

"I could carry them about on my back, and pretend to be a horse," he said, "but I don't know that I could amuse them in any other way."

"You would find that very hot work, Mr. Richards," Mrs. Doolan said, "but I don't think you shall require such a sacrifice of you. Well, I don't think we shall find it so bad after all, and I don't suppose it will be for very long. I do not believe in all this talk about changes, and disaffection, and that sort of thing; I expect in three months we shall most of us be back again."

Two days later the detachment was settled down in Deennugghur. The troops were for the most part under canvas, for there was only accommodation for a single company in the station. The two subalterns occupied a large square tent, while the other three officers took possession of the three bungalows that were vacant at the station, the doctor having a tent to himself. The major and Isobel had stayed for the first three days at the fort, at the end of which time the bungalow had been put in perfect order. It was far less commodious than that at Cawnpore, but Isobel was well pleased with it when the last belongings had been arranged, and she soon declared that she preferred Deennugghur greatly to Cawnpore.

Those at the station heartily welcomed the accession to their numbers, and there was an entire absence of the stiffness and formality of a large cantonment like Cawnpore, and Isobel was free to run in as she chose to spend the morning chatting and working with the Hunters, or Mrs. Doolan, or with the other ladies, of whom there were three at the station.

A few days after their arrival, news came in that the famous man-eater, which had for a time ceased his ravages and moved off to a different part of the country, principally because the natives of the villages near the jungle had ceased altogether to go out after night-fall, had returned, and had carried off herdsmen on two consecutive days.

The doctor at once prepared for action, and agreed to allow Wilson and Richards to accompany him, and the next day the three rode off together to Narkeet, to which village the two herdsmen belonged, and where the tiger had been near the same spot, and the natives had traced the return of the tiger to the jungle with its victims.

The doctor soon found that the ordinary methods of destroying the tiger had been tried against a single man-eater, which had for a goats had been tied up, and the native shikaris had taken their posts in trees close by, and had watched all night—but in vain. Spring traps and dead falls had also been tried, but the tiger seemed absolutely indifferent to the attraction of animal food, and always got the lookout for snares. Attempts made at dosing the villages near the jungle had all been equally unsuccessful.

"It is evident," the doctor said, "that the brute cares for nothing but human victims. No doubt if he were very hungry he would take a cow or a goat, but we might wait a very long time for that; so the only thing that I can see is to act as a bait myself."

"How will you do that, doctor?"

"I shall build a sort of cage near the point where the tiger has twice entered the jungle. I will take with me in the cage a woman or girl from the village. From time to time she shall cry out as if in pain, and as the tiger is evidently somewhere in this neighborhood, it is likely enough he will come out to see about it. Of course, I must have all the jungle stopped; I shall never get anyone to sit with me; besides, on a dark night, there is no calculating on accidents, and I should be safer in the field and in just as well to be on the safe side. In daylight it would be a different matter altogether. I can only wait when I have a bait, but on a dark night it is pretty well guess work."

The villagers were at once engaged to erect a stout cage eight feet square and four high, of bamboos driven into the ground six inches apart, and roofed in with strong bars. There was a considerable difficulty in getting anyone to remain in it after the sunset, at last the widow of one of the men who had been killed agreed for the sum of twenty five rupees to pass the night there accompanied by her child of four years old.

The doctor with his rifle was notorious, but it was partly in the hope of seeing her husband's death avenged than for the sake of the money, that she consented to keep watch. There was but one tree suitable for the watcher; it stood some thirty yards to the right of the cage, and it was arranged that both the subalterns should take their station in it.

"I don't like it, Wilson," Richards said, "we start on this business, it must be quite settled that you do not fire till you hear my rifle. That is the first signal. The second is that you only fire when the brute is a fair distance from the cage. If you get excited and blaze away anyhow, you are quite as likely to hit me as you are the tiger. Now, I object to take any risk whatever on that score. You will have a native shikari in the tree with you to point out the tiger, for it is lawless, he is not quite your making him out for yourselves. It will be quite indistinct, and you have no chance of making out its head or anything of that sort, and you have to take a shot as it as best you may.

"Remember that there must not a word be spoken. If the brute does come, it will probably make two or three turns round the cage before it approaches it, and may likely enough come close to you, but in no case fire. You can't make sure of killing it, and if it were only wounded, it would make off into the jungle and all our trouble would be thrown away. I too remember you must not smoke; the tiger would smell it half a mile away and, besides, the sound of a match striking would be quite sufficient to set him on his guard.

"There is no objection, I hope, doctor, to our taking up our flasks; we shall want something to keep us from going to sleep."

"No, there is no objection to that," the doctor said, "but mind you don't go to sleep, for if you do you might fall off your tough and break your neck, to say nothing of the chance of the tiger happening to be close at hand at the time.

Late in the afternoon the doctor went down to inspect the cage, and pronounced it sufficiently strong. Half an hour before nightfall he and the woman and child took their places in it, and the two beams in the roof that had been left unfastened to allow of their entry were securely lashed in their place by the villagers. Wilson and Richards were helped up into the tree, and took their places upon two boughs which sprang from the trunk close to each other at a height of about six feet from the ground. The shikari, who was to wait with them, crawled out, and with a hatchet chopped off some of the small branches and foliage so as to give them a clear view of the ground for some distance round the cage, which was surrounded in the midst of a patch of brushwood, the lower portion of which had been cleared out so that the doctor should have an uninterrupted view round. The boughs and leaves were gathered up by the villagers, and carried away by them, and the watch began.

"Confound it," Richards whispered to his companion after night fell, "it is getting as dark as pitch; I can scarcely make out the clump where the cage is. I should hardly see an elephant if he were to come, much less a brute like a tiger."

"We shall get accustomed to it presently," Wilson replied; "at any rate make quite sure of your direction in which the cage is; it is better to let twenty tigers go than to run the risk of hitting the doctor."

"Confound it," Richards whispered to his companion, "we shall get our eyes become accustomed to the darkness, and they could not only see the clump in which the cage was, clearly, but could make out the outline of the bushes all round the open space in which it stood. Both started as a loud and dismal wail rose suddenly in the air, followed by a violent crying.

"By Jove, how that woman made me jump," Wilson said; "it sounded quite awful, and she must have pinched that poor little beggar of hers pretty sharply to make him yell like that."

A low "hush" from the shikari said in abused Wilson to silence.

"I don't believe the brute is coming," he whispered, an hour later. "If it was there for this bough being so hard, I should drop off to sleep; my eyes ache with staring at those bushes."

As he spoke the shikari touched him on the shoulder and pointed. "Tiger," he whispered; and then did the same to Richards. Grasping his rifle he peered eagerly in the direction in which he pointed, but could for some time make out nothing. Then they saw a dim gray mass in front of the bushes, directly on the opposite side of the open space, then from the clump lying almost in a direct line between it and the tree, they could see the tiger. They were neither of them at all certain that the object at which they were gazing was the tiger. It seemed shapeless, the outline fading away in one place, but they felt sure that they had noticed nothing like it in that direction before.

For two or three minutes they remained in uncertainty, then the outline seemed to broaden, and it moved noiselessly. There could be no mistake now; the tiger had been attracted by the cries, and as it moved along, they could see that it was making a circuit of the open space from whence the sounds proceeded, to reconnoitre before advancing towards its prey. It kept close to the line of bushes, and sometimes passed behind some of them. The shikari pressed their shoulders, and a low hiss enforced the necessity for absolute silence. The animal follows almost half the way round, they had lost sight of the tiger now, but knew it must be approaching them.

For two or three minutes they heard and saw nothing, then the shikari pointed beyond them, and they almost started as they saw the tiger retreating, and knew that it must have passed behind them without their having seen it. At last it reached the spot at which they had first seen it. The child's cry, but this time low and plaintive, rose from the cage. With quicker steps than before it moved on, but still not directly towards the center, to the great relief of the two subalterns, who had feared that it might approach such a direction that they would not dare to fire for fear of hitting the cage. Fortunately it passed that point, and, crouching, moved towards the bushes.

Wilson and Richards had their rifles now at their shoulders, but in the feeble and uncertain light fell by no means sure of hitting their mark, though it was but some thirty yards away. Almost breathlessly they listened for the doctor's rifle, but both started when the tiger with a sharp crack broke on the stillness. There was a sudden snarl of pain, the tiger gave a spring in the air, and fell, rolling over and over.

"It is not killed," the shikari exclaimed. "Fire when it gets up."

But it rose to its feet, and, with a loud roar, sprang towards the thicket. The two subalterns fired, but the movements of the dimly-seen creature were so swift that they felt by no means sure that they had hit it. Then came, almost simultaneously, a loud shriek from the woman of a very different character to the long wails which had before uttered, followed by a sound of rending and tearing.

"He is breaking down the cage," Richards exclaimed excitedly, as he and Wilson hastened to ram another cartridge down their rifles. "Come, we must go and help the doctor." But the moment later came another crack of a rifle, and then all was silent. Then the doctor's voice was heard.

"Don't get down from the tree yet, lads. I think he is dead, but it is best to make sure first."

There was a pause and then another rifle shot followed by the shout, "All right; he is as dead as a door nail now. Mind your rifles as you climb down."

"Fancy, thinking of that," Wilson said, "when you have just killed a tiger; I haven't capped mine yet, have you, Richards?"

"I have just put it on, but will take it off again. Here, old man, you get down first and we will hand the guns to you," this to the shikari.

With some difficulty they scrambled down from the tree.

"Now we may as well capour rifles," Richards said; "the brute may not be dead after all."

They approached the bush cautiously.

"You are quite sure he is dead, doctor?"

"Quite sure; do you think I don't know when a tiger is dead?"

Still holding their guns in readiness to fire, they approached the bushes.

"You can do no good until the villagers come with torches," the doctor said; "the tiger is dark enough, but it is always as well to be prudent."

The shikari had uttered a loud cry as he sprang down from the tree, and this had been answered by shouts from the distance. In a few minutes lights were seen through the trees, and a score of men with torches and lanterns ran up with shouts of satisfaction.

As soon as they arrived, the young officers advanced to the cage. On the top a tiger was lying stretched out as if in sleep; with some caution they approached it and flashed a torch in its eyes. There was no doubt that it was dead. The body was quickly rolled off the cage, and then a dozen hands cut the lashing and lifted the top bars, which were deeply scored by the tiger's claws, and the doctor emerged.

"I am glad to be out of that," he said; "six hours in a cage with a woman and a crying brat is no joke."

As soon as the doctor had got out the subalterns eagerly examined the tiger, upon which the natives were heaping curses and execrations.

"How many wounds has it got?" they asked the doctor, who repeated the question to the shikari in his own language.

"Three sahib, one full in the chest, it would have been mortal, two others in the belly."

"No others?" the subalterns exclaimed in disgust as the answer was translated to them.

The doctor himself examined the tiger.

"No you both missed, lads, but you need not be ashamed of that; it is no easy matter to hit a tiger even at a short distance on a dark night like this, when you can scarce make him out, and can't see the end of your rifle. I ought to have told you to rub a little phosphorous off the head of a match on to the sight. I am so accustomed to do it myself I am sorry of course that I did not think of telling you. Well, I am heartily glad we have killed it, for by all accounts it has done an immense deal of damage.

"It has been a fine tiger in its time, although its skin doesn't look much," Wilson said; "what makes it look so red?"

"That is generally the case with man-eaters. They are mostly old tigers who take to killing man when they are too old to hunt game, and don't know whether the flesh doesn't agree with them, but they are almost always mangy."

"I was afraid for a moment," Richards said, "that the tiger was going to break into your cage; we heard him clawing away at the timber, and as you didn't fire again we were afraid something was the matter."

"The mother was," the doctor said testily. "The moment the tiger sprang the woman threw herself down at full length on the top of my second rifle, and when I went to pass her off I think she fancied the tiger had got hold of her, for she gave a yell that fairly made me jump. I had to push her off by main force and then lie down on my back so as to get the rifle up to fire. I was sure the first shot was fatal, for I knew just where his heart would be, but dropped a second cartridge in and gave him another bullet so as to make sure. Well, if either of you want his head for the claws you had better say so at once, for the natives will be singeing his whiskers off directly; it is a superstition of theirs."

"No, I don't want them," Wilson said. "If I had put a bullet into the brute so that I could have said I helped to kill him, I should have liked the head to get it preserved and sent home to my people, but as it is, the natives are welcome to it as far as I am concerned."

Richards was of the same opinion, and so, without further delay, they started back for the village, where upon their arrival they were greeted with cries of joy by the women, the news having already been carried back by a boy.

"Poor beggars," the doctor said. "They have been living a life of terror for weeks. They must feel as if they had wakened from a nightmare. Now, lads, we will have some breakfast. I dare say you are ready for it, and I am sure I am."

"Is there any chance of supper, doctor? Why, I feel as if I could eat a bullock."

"Of course there is," the doctor replied. "I gave orders to my man to begin to warm up the food as soon as he heard a gun fired, so that I felt guarantee he has got everything ready by this time."

After a hearty meal and a cigar, they lay down for an hour's rest, and at daybreak rode back to Deennugghur, the two subalterns rather crestfallen at their failure to have taken any share part in killing the tiger that had so long been a terror to the district.

"It was an awful sell missing him, Miss Hannay. I wanted to have had the claws fixed as a necklace. I thought you would have liked it."

"I am very much obliged to you, Mr. Wilson, but I would much rather not have had them. If the tiger hadn't been a man eater I should not have minded, but I should never have worn an ornament made of claws that had killed lots of people—women and children too."

"No, I never thought of that, Miss Hannay. It wouldn't have been pleasant now one thinks of it; still, I wish I had put a bullet into his."

"No doubt you will do better next time, Mr. Wilson. The doctor has been telling me that it is extremely difficult to hit an animal in the dark when you are not accustomed to that sort of shooting. He says he was in a great fright all the time he was in the cage, and that it was an immense relief to him when he heard your rifles go off, and found that he wasn't hit."

"That is too bad of him, Miss Hannay," Wilson laughed; "we were not such duffers as all that. I don't believe he really did think so."

"I am sure he was in earnest, Mr. Wilson. He said he should have felt quite safe if it had been daylight, but that in the dark people really can't see which way the rifles are pointed, and that he remembered he had not told you to put phosphorous on the sights."

"It was too bad of him," Wilson grumbled; "it would have served him right if two of the bullets had hit a timber of the cage and given him a start. I should like to have seen the doctor struggling in the dark to get his second rifle from under the woman, with the tiger clawing and growling two feet above him."

"The doctor didn't tell me about that," Isobel laughed, "though he said he had a woman and child with him to attract the tiger."

"It would have frightened any decent-minded tiger, Miss Hannay, instead of attracting it, for such dismal yells as that woman made, I never listened to. I nearly tumbled off the tree at the first of them, it made me jump so, and it gave me a feeling of cold water running down my back; as to the child, I don't know whether she pinched it or the doctor stuck pins into it, but the poor little fellow howled the most frightful way. I don't think I shall ever want to go tiger-shooting in the dark again; I ache all over to-day, as if I had been playing in the first football match of the season, from sitting balancing myself on that branch; I was almost over half a dozen times."

"I expect you nearly went off to sleep, Mr. Wilson."

"I think I should have gone to sleep if it hadn't been for that woman, Miss Hannay. I should not have minded if I could have smoked, but to sit there hour after hour and not be able to smoke, and not allowed to speak, and staring all the time into the darkness till your eyes ached, was trying, I can tell you, and after all that, not to hit the brute was too bad."

The days passed quietly at Deennugghur. They were seldom alone at Major Hannay's bungalow in the evening, for Wilson and Richards generally came in to smoke out on the veranda; the doctor was a regular visitor when he was not away in pursuit of game, and Bathurst was also often one of the party.

"Another victim," the latter said as Isobel entered. "You look too cheerful, Miss Hannay. I find that we are expected to wear sad countenances at our approaching bereavements."

"Are we, Mrs. Doolan? It seems to me that it won't make very much difference to us."

"Not make any difference, Miss Hannay!" Captain Doolan said. "Why, Deennugghur is one of the dullest little stations on this side of India."

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made no difference to him, and he just went on as before, working as if he had to depend entirely on the service."

"I can quite understand that," Isobel said; "to a really earnest man a life of usefulness here must be vastly preferable to living at home without anything to do or any object in life."

"Well, perhaps so, my dear, and in theory that is no doubt the case, but, practically, I fancy you would find nineteen men out of twenty even if they are what you call earnest men, retire from the rank of hard workers if they came into a nice property. By the way, you must come in here this morning. There is a juggler in the station and Mr. Hunter has told him to come round. The servants say the man is a very celebrated juggler, one of the best in India, and as the girls have never seen anything better than the ordinary itinerant conjurers, my husband has arranged for him to come in here, and we have been sending notes round asking everyone to come in. We have sent one round to your place, but you must have come out before the chit arrived."

"Oh, I should like that very much," Isobel said. "Two or three men came to our bungalow at Cawnpore and did some conjuring, but it was nothing particular, but uncle says some of them do wonderful things, things that he cannot account for at all. That was one of the things I read about at school, and thought I should like to see more than anything in India. When I was at school we went in a body, two or three times, to see conjurers when they came to Cheltenham; of course I did not understand the things they did, and they seemed wonderful to me, but I know there are people who can explain them, and that they are only tricks; but I have read accounts of things done by jugglers in India that seemed impossible to explain; really a sort of magic."

"I have heard a good many arguments about it," Mrs. Hunter said, "and a good many people, especially those who have seen most of them, are of opinion that many of the feats of the Indian jugglers can not be explained by any natural laws we know of. I have seen some very curious things myself, but the very fact that I did not understand how they were done was no proof they could not be explained; certainly two of their commonest tricks, the basket trick and the mango, have never been explained. Our conjurers at home can do something like them, but then that is on a stage where they can have trap doors and all sorts of things, while these are done anywhere—in a garden, on a road—where there could be no possible preparation, and with a crowd of lookers-on all round; it makes me quite uncomfortable to look at it."

"Well, I must be off now, Mrs. Hunter; it is nearly time for uncle to be back, and he likes me to be in when he returns."

(To be Continued.)

A Woman's Nerve.

The following episode in the career of the celebrated Madame Vestris happened in the winter of 1847, when the star of her genius was still in the ascendant, in spite of her fifty years. She had married the famous Charles Mathews the younger only a short time before, and was visiting Paris in his company. The chief object of their visit was to secure a ballet troupe for a spectacle the preparations for which were then in progress at one of the large London theaters at the time under their united management. But it so chanced that the selection of the ballet fell principally upon Mathews, because his wife was temporarily disabled by an unlucky sprain of the ankle. She was confined to their hotel in the Rue Saint Honoré, where of course she could console herself by giving receptions to her admirers, who were quite as numerous in France as in England.

One evening she was alone in the small but elegant *salon* adjoining her apartment. Her waiting-maids were within call, and could now and then hear from one of the further rooms the playful bark of her King Charles spaniels, Flock and Floss, which always accompanied her on her travels. Taking up a morning newspaper, her attention became absorbed by the first article on which her glance alighted, for it was upon a subject that had excited all Paris for a number of days.

A number of robberies had taken place in quick succession, whose perpetrator had not been discovered. It was evident, from certain characteristics common to all the crimes, that they were the work of one man. His favorite, and indeed only method, had been to secure himself in close proximity to some fashionable and wealthy lady's sleeping apartment, and then to possess himself of her jewels and other valuables after she had fallen asleep. When his victim happened to awake, he had not hesitated to use violence to prevent her giving an alarm. The only clue to the villain as yet lay in the knowledge that he had but two fingers on his left hand—a circumstance that had been noted by one lady who had had the nerve to simulate unconsciousness while secretly observing his felonious operations in the subdued half-light of her boudoir. A panic of fear was said to be existing among such ladies as were noted for the number and value of their jewels; and sarcastic comments were passed upon the ineffectiveness of the police authorities.

Madame Vestris was a woman of exceptionally strong nerve, but she could not restrain a little timorous thrill when, having finished the article, she limped across the *salon* to the door of her boudoir, intending to summon her maids and retire for the night.

Before entering her boudoir, however, she turned to extinguish the wax lights of a candelabrum that had been left burning in addition to the small shaded lamp by which she had been reading. The candelabrum stood upon a bracket and cast a strong, level light upon the door, throwing out the shadows of the intervening pieces of furniture, especially of the large table at which she had been sitting, in pretty strong relief, inasmuch as the shaded reading lamp in the middle of the table shed its lesser lustre in a small circumscribed circle.

As she cast a final glance over the room she was suddenly filled with fear on perceiving, cast out upon the floor, directly across her footstool, the unmistakable shadow of a man crouching under the table at which she had been sitting. She remained perfectly quiet, but her terror was increased a hundredfold as she saw, or thought she saw, the image of a hand that possessed but two fingers. She was convinced that the mysterious criminal whose deeds had so excited the city was lying concealed there, and had so lain, probably in contact with the very folds of her dress, the entire evening.

Having come to this conviction, through a swift and dreadful train of reasoning, which every woman can understand, Madame Vestris remained for a moment almost petrified. Her jewels were noted for their splendor and costliness, and she was known to always have them in a casket at her bedside before retiring; and since her arrival in Paris it had also become pretty well known that she was in the habit of retiring comparatively early, while her husband's duties kept him away from the hotel until a late hour. Her maids slept at the further end of an outside corridor, and thus for a considerable time she was virtually alone upon the third floor of the hotel.

Of course the robber had made himself acquainted with these circumstances, and was waiting his opportunity to enter upon his course of pillage and violence, possibly to end in murder. These thoughts and conclusions flashed through Madame Vestris's mind with terrible rapidity. Then, by a tremendous effort of will power, she not only recovered her intrepidity and coolness, but also formed a plan to extricate herself and outwit the villain.

Without extinguishing the lights she began to carol a light operatic air while resuming her seat, and touched the silver spring bell on the table with which she was in the habit of summoning one or the other of her maids. This action alone cost her a great pang of fear; for if the spaniels should accompany the maid, they would doubtless at once sniff out the presence of the concealed robber, who might then attack her without delay. Fortunately, however, the maid who responded to the call was not accompanied by the dogs, which had romped themselves to sleep in one of the remoter apartments.

"Adele," said Madame Vestris, "is the establishment of Monsieur Vernac, the jeweler, still open, think you?"

"Oh, yes, madame!" replied the maid. "It is Saturday night, when all the shops keep open until twelve, and it is now but a little after ten."

"I shall then have to get you to take a message to him at once," said the actress. "He has been repairing my costliest diamond necklace and my tiara of sapphires and brilliants, which he promised to return this evening. I shall not sleep without having them at my bedside to-night. Whether repaired or not, he shall send them with you by one of the clerks. Bring me the writing materials from my boudoir."

Adele did as she was directed, and, still humming her song, Madame Vestris, with a firm hand, penned the following, which she sealed and directed to M. Vernac, the then fashionable jeweler of the Rue des Italiens:

"MONSIEUR,—The two-fingered villain is concealed under the very table at which I write, unsuspicious of my knowledge of his presence. Summon the police, and lose not a moment in hastening to MADAME VESTRIS."

"There!" said the heroic actress, handing the missive to her servant, "that, I fancy, will bring me back my beloved jewels without an hour's delay, and teach Monsieur Vernac a lesson at the same time. Here is some small change, Adele. Take the first fiacre you can find disengaged and lose no time in returning."

Adele was about quitting the room when her mistress was seized with a sudden horror at the thought of being left alone with the desperado, and she called her back.

"Before you go," said she with a counterfeited carelessness, "tell Marie to come here and keep me company. I will see if she has made any improvement in that embroidery work I tried to teach her in London."

"Alas, madame," said Adele, "Marie took the liberty of going to bed an hour ago."

"The lazy little minx!" cried the lady, laughing. "But no matter, I will amuse myself during your absence by rehearsing my part in the new spectacle."

Adele departed, and Madame Vestris was left alone—alone, save for that terrible presence, which, perchance, an imprudent movement of her foot beneath the table, or even a tell-tale quaver of her voice, might at any instant awaken into a capacity for evil and murderous purpose, the very thought of which caused the blood to curdle in her veins.

But she had set herself to play a part such as she had never played before, and nobly did she enact it to the close. She recited the lines of her forthcoming *role* over and over again; she sang, she trilled, she carolled in a manner that would have ravished the ears of thousands; and all to that single, deadly, lurking auditor, whose suppressed breathing she fancied she could sometimes detect between the pauses of her voice, and whom she felt to be within a hand's breadth of her trembling limbs.

During all this enforced gaiety she was a prey to such secret and mental anguish as can only be imagined by the most sensitive of womanly natures. The seconds crept by like minutes, the minutes seemed hours, and at last, when she had pretty thoroughly exhausted her voice, she sank back with a sigh, and contented herself with humming musically and in a low voice.

Presently, at the end of an hour, though it might well have seemed an eternity to her, her heart gave a great leap as she heard the clatter of wheels in front of the hotel. A moment later Adele entered the room, but with such a demure look upon her face that her mistress at first feared that her message had miscarried. But Adele was somewhat of an actress herself, and there were those lightly following her up the staircase who brought the assurance of safety and release.

She was almost instantly followed into the *salon* by three police officers, who were in turn not only followed by M. Vernac, the jeweler, but also by Mr. Mathews, Madame Vestris's husband, who had then picked up at one of the theaters on the way. As soon as the brave lady saw her husband she uttered an hysterical scream and flew into his arms, with a forgetfulness of her sprained ankle for which she could never afterwards account.

At the same instant the officers overturned the table and pounced upon the concealed ruffian underneath. He made a desperate resistance, being a powerful ruffian and armed to the teeth, but was overcome after a short struggle and led away to prison, after the heroic lady had briefly related her story of the detection of his presence and the stratagem by which she had caught him in the toils.

The criminal turned out to be one Dufresne, a galley slave from Toulon, who had made himself notorious in the South of France before breaking loose from prison and entering upon the series of crimes which led to the conclusion of his career. He was a hardened and somewhat original wretch; and he is known to have remarked with much nonchalance, "I ought to forgive the stratagem by which I was ruined. *Parbleu!* for a whole hour I was the sole auditor of the greatest singer and actress in Europe, who gave herself exceptional trouble to entertain me." *—Sarah Jeffries in Tit-Bits.*

How William Got His Breakfast.

Wandering William—'Scuse my presumption, ma'am, in arskin' you ef you have any of your home-made bread I've heard so much about!

Mrs. Tiddlewink—You dear man! of course I have, and coffee and meat and cake too. Come right in.—*Judge.*

A Notable Publication.

The *Quarterly Register of Current History* (Detroit, Mich., $1.00 a year) is entitled to rank as the *ne plus ultra* of condensation. In this periodical, which begins its second volume with the May number just issued (120 pages), the reader will find the cream of the world's news presented in a style not dry or statistical, but attractive and readable, giving him a clear idea and a wider grasp than he can get by any other means of the great movements and problems of the day in which he lives. The great care with which *Current History* is edited eliminates as much as possible the chances of the creeping in of errors, and causes the magazine to approach the ideal of an impartial and reliable record of facts. The present number is an excellent one, presenting in clear light what to so many readers is all a muddle, the international disputes of the time, the ecclesiastical questions of Europe, the political, social, and labor questions of Europe and America, the famine and Jewish questions in Russia, the Irish problem, the work of the American Congress, the Canadian and Newfoundland questions, etc., etc. Many excellent portraits adorn its pages, among which we notice a full-page picture of Chancellor von Caprivi; also very fine artistic portraits of the Pope, Cardinal Manning, Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, Ex-President Cleveland, Dr. John Thompson, Sir Morell MacKenzie, Walt Whitman and others.

California and Mexico.

A man going west should remember the great Wabash route is the banner line to all west and south west points, the only railroad using the palace reclining chair cars (free) from Detroit to St. Louis, Kansas City and Omaha. Finest equipped train on earth, and all cars go through the great tunnel at St. Louis. Time tables and other information from your nearest ticket agent or J. A. Richardson, Canadian passenger agent, 28 Adelaide street east, Toronto.

A Misapprehension.

Mr. Bingo (feebly)—I wish you would look out in the corner, dear, and see if the lamp-post is still there!

Mrs. Bingo—Yes, it is, dear.

Mr. Bingo—That's strange. I thought I brought it up with me last night.

C. E. International Convention at New York in July.

At a meeting of the executive committee held in Toronto last Friday Dr. Dickson and Ald. Morrie reported that they had visited New York in the interests of the Ontario contingent of Christian Endeavor who may go to the convention July 7 and 10, and that they had learned that accommodation could be had in boarding-houses at from $5 to $8 a week, and this must be for a whole week. Rooms in hotels may be had at 50c., 75c. and $1 a day; hotel charges in full, $2.50 a day. Mr. Morrie purposes going to New York on July 4 and 5 to make final arrangements for as many as intimate to him early their intention of going. The fare to New York and back will be single over Canadian and American lines. The Erie line will be the official road. Arrangements will be made for cars at points where fifty or sixty may gather, and if sixty go from Galt a special car will be provided through to New York. The expectation is that 25,000 will go to this convention from Canada and every part of the States.

Or Something Like Them.

Bridget (at the grocer's)—The mistress is after buying a new vase. I think it do be thricks—fur the bled mutton-sauce.

Scales (the grocer)—Isn't it capers you want? Bridget—That's the odds, capers or thricks! Sure, they're wan an' the same.

The Sad Truth.

Uncle Jack (driving with his Boston niece through the suburbs of Chicago)—There, Margaret! There's a fine place—Mrs. Bornstein lives there—just married to her sixth husband—

Margaret—*Sixth* husband, Uncle Jack! Oh, I knew so many girls at home that are pining for their *first*.

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A Tale of Woe.

THE humiliating truth has long been known to me that I carry some distinguishing mark whereby dead-beats and beggars decipher me among a thousand, and dodge about until they can get a clutch on my sleeve. So far as beggars go, I might console or even gratify myself by supposing that some benevolence of face or prosperity of appearance induces them to trust in me, but the partiality evinced for me by dead-beats is very humiliating and acutely mortifying at times. When walking down the street it is not pleasant to see a notorious rascal pick up his ears and adjust his lugubrious face for business, and wait for me somewhat after the fashion of a hungry cart horse as it sees a load of hay advancing its way and makes ready for one good mouthful as it passes by. Nothing angers me so much as being thus button-holed and regaled with false tales, while dozens of what I had supposed were greener-looking people gawk past unmolested. It indicates a softness somewhere in my demeanor or countenance, which, if a mirror would but reveal it to me, I would subdue at all hazards—yes, if I had to wear a full beard and a pea-jacket to do it! Should there be others in my dilemma, it may be useful to say that carrying a cane affords only a temporary and elusive sense of security, for the cane soon loses its power to awe the importunate; that walking rapidly, or putting on a pert look, or a severe or preoccupied look, only saves you from the annoyance of a novice here and there, but the veteran will penetrate any simulations of the face. A friend urges the wearing of a pair of those tan or red leather shoes, which, he says, have a marvelously intimidating effect even upon the practiced impudence of the worst deadhead. It is certainly worth trying. No longer ago than Monday, a man who looked as though he had just recovered from a drunken sleep in a coal and wood yard, stopped me on Front street.

"Eh—eh—I w-w-work at the Humber, and j-just missed my train. W-w-w-wont you——"

"Poor man!" said I. "It seems you have a slight difficulty in talking and as I'm in a hurry I'll state your case for you. You work at the Humber and came in to stay over Sunday, but missed the train and have no money and unless you get out there you'll lose your job and your family has not a cent to keep them—shut up! Don't try to talk. Didn't I tell you I'm in a hurry? If I'm right so far spit twice—there, I was right. Yes, and you have been down to the City Hall and Mayor Fleming refused to help you, either as a mayor or as a man, and another man named Taylor, downstairs, he wouldn't help you and you are nearly c-c-crazy. Hold on, it is I, not you, who is in a hurry. How did I know your story? Because you tackled me with the same yarn on King street a week ago Thursday and others have mentioned you since. Don't you remember me telling you that as a citizen you had rights and that Mayor Fleming's heartless conduct entitled him to dismissal and that you should state your grievance to the daily newspapers? Yes, and don't you remember how you started down to the *Globe* and *World* to slip the fury of the press on your enemy, the mayor?"

"Y-yes, it's you. Eh-eh-I know. W-w-well, b-b-b—well b-b-by darn, eh-eh-I must beg-tingold." He jerked these last three words out all in one as though his faulty tongue would go back on him if it gained the least idea that it was more than one word. As I moved away he hitched up his trowsers, gave his eyes a good rub, took another chew of tobacco, straightened up his back like one who, suddenly made conscious that his powers are waning, is determined to make up for it if possible by closer application to business and stricter attention to detail. MACK.

The Drama.

UNCLE'S Darling brought some unusual features to the Academy this week, for the third act is laid in the Arctic regions and a team of deer, a sledge drawn by Eskimo dogs and three tame bears are made to figure in the business. A couple of large St. Bernard dogs are also introduced and one of them worries the villain, to the rare delight of the gallery. The various animals combined to make up an interesting and unprecedented scene, and with other creditable features caused the show to be pronounced a success. The rescue tableau at the close of the first act was well put on and had life and danger in it. Hettie Bernard Chase is a plump little woman of considerable cleverness and her roguish, romping work had a naturalness about it. Frank Calburt, although his name was printed in small type on the programme, seemed to me the biggest figure on the stage. He was an irresistible Uncle Billy and would be extremely hard to beat. Whatever faults were seen in the character he played were put there by the author and he could not remove them. For instance, when Tony is found with a bullet in his throat and after by telegraphic signs informing them that Con Barry was his assassin, dies in presence of all, Uncle Billy and everyone else is made ridiculous by a long and unnatural pantomime reconciliation between himself and Joe Burrows. This reconciliation business at such a time made it look as though Tony was in the habit of getting shot in the throat and dying every day, and none of them bothered about it. While I maintain that in going to a theater a man is under an obligation to enter into the spirit of the play and lend his imagination to the efforts of the performers, yet the audience cannot do so when the author outrages every possibility of human nature. In real life there would have been more excitement and concern if a member of a family fainted than there was in Uncle Billy's household when Tony was suddenly murdered. Playwrights do this sort of thing too much. Another discrepancy was noticeable in the apparel of the actors in the Arctic scene, for while the men among the explorers were almost buried in fur coats and caps, little Ned appeared on an Eskimo sledge in knee pants and cap on the side of his head. To look around among them forced one to marvel at the eccentric climate. In mentioning these things my purpose is not to find fault with this particular play, but to show that before the people can carry out their part of the contract and simulate a faith in the reality of the scene portrayed, the playwrights and actors must weed out such features as these which are inconsistent with the scene. The incongruity of the thing holds a spectator fast and he cannot get away to admire acting that otherwise is admirable.

In an interview with Mr. O. B. Sheppard he informed me that the past season has been a financially successful one for his house, and this in spite of the fact that he had presented more expensive attractions than ever before. The receipts were larger in proportion to the improvement in the class of the shows. Taken altogether the season has been a disastrous one for traveling companies, and more of them have died on the road and been carried home than for ten years past. Most of the disasters have occurred in the west, in what may be called the California circuit, but eastern managers have suffered somewhat through being forced to substitute other attractions as they best could at short notice. Mr. Sheppard is encouraged by the financial story related by his books and says he has already slated a number of superior attractions for next season and expects to beat the record.

Social Session will be on at the Academy next week, and The County Fair at the Grand. In both houses there will be an extra matinee on the Queen's birthday.

The Sheridan Dramatic Company, under the management of Mr. H. Melville Boddy, will give a performance of My Turn Next, and Turn Him Out, at the new opera house in Barrie on May 24. The leading parts will be taken by the clever comedian, A. McLean Macdonnell and Miss Marion Chadwick. MACK.

DRAMATIC NOTES.

During the performance at Kingston on Saturday night last one of the bears used in Uncle's Darling, after being released from his chains by the keeper and trainer, Mr. Thomas E. Webb, suddenly became vicious, tearing his clothing into shreds, lacerating his hands and face and inflicting several painful wounds with his teeth. It took three men to subdue the infuriated animal.

Harry P. Mawson, writing in *Harper's Weekly* on the Actors' Fund Fair, says: The actor, as a man, has vastly improved during the last half of this century, yet many belong to the old order—improvident and reckless. They, however, have always compared favorably with their fellow-man in other walks of life; but the calling is extremely hazardous, and the remuneration often uncertain and inadequate. Thirty-five dollars a week is already a very fair average salary, a full season thirty weeks, and if the "ghost walks" regularly every salary night, it is seen that after hotel bills and the incidentals of traveling are provided for, very little is left for a rainy day. Mr. A. M. Palmer, whose sphere of usefulness is not confined to managing his theater or road companies, was quick to recognize the necessity of some organized means of assistance, whose headquarters should be in New York—the magnet drawing all the professional element of the country. With this object in view, the Actors' Fund of America was incorporated under the laws of the State of New York, June 8, 1882. Mr. Palmer was its first president, and has continued to fill that office; the past year he was ably supported by Mr. Louis Aldrich as first vice-president, Mr. Edwin Knowles as second vice-president, Mr. Frank W. Sanger as treasurer, and Mr. Charles W. Thomas as secretary, together with the following gentlemen as a board of trustees: Joseph W. Shannon, De Wolf Hopper, Edwin H. Price, M. W. Hanley, Augustus Pitou, H. S. Taylor, Joseph F. Wheelock, F. F. Mackay, Daniel Frohman, Antonio Pastor, Al Hayman, Rudolph Aronson. The year of 1891-2 the fund distributed $28,879.92, of which $13 211.18 came from sundry benefits throughout the country, and $11,000 from the city of New York as part of the sum collected from the city theaters as license fees. The object of the fair, which was held at the Madison square Garden building during the week of May 2, is to provide a permanent fund for the Actors' Fund, upon which its officers could rely for a certain income every year. It was hoped that as much as $100,000 would be realized; and as the fair opened its doors with cash subscriptions of $75,000, and merchandise to the extent of $25,000, more the original estimate is not at all out of the way. The fair from its inception received the earnest support of the best people in the dramatic profession, among them Edwin Booth, Joseph Jefferson, Mrs. Kendal, Fanny Davenport, Madame Modjeska, Lotta, Agnes Booth, Mrs. D. P. Bowers, Georgia Cayvan, Viola Allen, Mrs. W. J. Florence, James O'Neill, Joseph Murphy, etc., etc., and such "outsiders" as Governor Flower, Senator Leland Stanford, George J. Gould, George W. Childs, Joseph Pulitzer, James Gordon Bennett, Elliot F. Shepard, Elbridge T. Gerry, ex-Secretary of the Navy William C. Whitney, Morris K. Jessup, Hon. Perry Belmont, Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jay Gould, General Horace Porter, Hon. Thomas C. Platt, Calvin S. Brice, D. O. Mills, and a host of other well known and influential people.

Young America

He (about to graduate)—In the bright lexicon of youth there's no such word as fail.

She (a little older)—No. It isn't a slang word.

Snake Charming.

I HAD always been rather sceptical about snake charming, and although I had from the earliest days of my childhood—which were passed in India—frequently seen performances of the kind, yet my curiosity was never roused until later years to know something more of this mysterious art!

Well do I recollect the effect that the strange and even wild appearance of the magician, as he slowly rocked his body to and fro, piping the while a weird and monotonous tune to the drowsy-looking reptiles, had on my youthful imagination.

The magic charm seemed to be infectious, for I would often find my attention so entirely riveted on the "snake man" that it was not until he had ceased playing that I recovered myself and saw the snakes gradually disappear, as they recoiled themselves at the bottom of their various baskets. Since then I have noticed the same effect on natives, who, being naturally of a superstitious temperament, treat the profession with a wholesome veneration, as a species of witchcraft. However, my long-hoped-for opportunity soon presented itself, and I determined to ascertain the extent of power these men actually possessed over the reptile creation. Snakes were plentiful in the district, but whether from motives of respect, or any other generous instinct, they had prudently avoided the precincts of our bungalow for some time.

We were nevertheless scarcely surprised to hear that one had been seen in the gardener's hut on the previous day, but could ascertain little as to its genus. The warm thatch, where it had taken shelter, afforded a most seductive retreat, but the natives were very much excited and after repeated attempts they finally succeeded in dislodging it. The uncertainty of its location was exceedingly annoying and considerably enhanced the danger of the situation, as every one unanimously declared that it had secreted itself in the long grass and rubbery that fringed the hut. This was then my opportunity, and as the other members of the household seemed equally anxious to witness the capture, a snake-man was accordingly summoned.

On his arrival, we acquainted him of the facts of the case and insisted on a thorough examination of his clothes and a temporary confiscation of his snake baskets, so as to dispel all attempts at trickery. The poor fellow objected in strong terms to such a proceeding, and it was no doubt very hurtful to his sensitive nature to be suspected of roguery! For my part I would willingly have dispensed with my portion of the investigation, as his wearing apparel was not of an inviting description, and his long, tangled, dirty-looking hair was certainly ravishing! The delicate question then arose as to who should examine his hair! There was such an abundance of it, that it appeared quite possible it was preserved for objects unknown to us, and the thought of those "objects" made it still more difficult for us to persuade ourselves to undertake the task.

After a great deal of inward deliberation we gently broached the idea of his undoing his own hair, and were highly pleased to see he promptly comply, without showing evidences of mortification. "Where are my snake baskets? Where did you put them?" were the only questions he asked, and although I tried to persuade myself differently, yet it occurred to me very forcibly that he suspected *us* of roguery, but we earnestly assured him that they were all safe and would soon be restored to him. Having taken every precaution to ensure a thoroughly trustworthy test, we took up our positions in the shade of a neighboring tree and eagerly watched his every movement.

Casting a furtive glance in the direction of the shrubbery, he slowly and stealthily, with bended form, crept towards it, playing the while a strangely weird and monotonous tune, as if in harmony with the swaying movement of his body.

Step by step, sometimes advancing, then receding, and always playing the same doleful intonation, he approached to within a convenient distance of the suspected shrub. Then, changing his tactics, he first swayed his body from side to side, then to and fro, and occasionally squatted on the ground as if to gain a better view of the shrubbery. We were an exemplary audience!—not a stir nor a murmur escaped us, as we patiently looked on, listening to the now modulated tones of his accompaniment as it slowly died away to a faint semblance of its former harshness. The suspense was becoming wearisome, and I was conscious of a feeling of mistrust and scepticism which verged on derision, when a slight rustle in the undergrowth of the shrubbery attracted my curious gaze.

The crackling of the dried twigs and fallen leaves gradually became more distinct, and the painfully unmusical wailings of that indescribable instrument clearly heralded the approach of the long expected monster! Then as the long grass gently swayed on either side, the highly erect and flat head of the snake came into view, and as it silently glided with a swift and almost majestic movement in the direction of the music, an expression of surprise was depicted on every countenance, and the word "cobra" whispered in low but significant accents explained the general feeling. The snake seemed to be mesmerized and entirely thrilled with the music, which exercised a most peculiar charm, causing it to sway its head in a slow, drowsy manner, in imitation of the snake-man. At times it would raise its head in a proud defiant attitude, thrusting forth its quivering and vermeil tongue in a vindictive manner! The "charmer" kept his eagle eye riveted on the snake, and as he continued playing, slowly lessened the distance between them, until finding himself close enough, he suddenly dropped his instrument and pounced on his victim. The action was so quick that we had scarcely realised the change when we saw him holding up the snake by the neck for our inspection.

He assured us that it was now perfectly harmless, as he had extracted the venomous sting at the moment of its capture, and would be proud to add it to his already extensive collection, which he was at liberty to do as far as I was concerned.

Notwithstanding this example, there are mysteries in connection with snake charming which I am entirely ignorant of, and the magic stone with which they are supposed to cure snake bites is one of them.

There are "professional secrets" which one cannot expect snake charmers to divulge, and although he trusted me with his precious snake baskets and the secrets of that mystic head of hair, I could not ingratiate myself any further into his confidence, and must therefore rest contented with what I know of the mysterious art of snake charming. E. H. LEWIS.

'Varsity Chat.

A BREAK in the historical sequence in the growth of Victoria College took place this week at Cobourg. What effect this will have on the college throughout the ages yet to be unrolled, I shall leave to others to predict. The closing exercises just concluded were a closing in more than name. In the past, the annual darkening of the halls by drawing together the shutters was but a formal ceremony, for in a few weeks the corridors would again re-echo with the footsteps of eager-hearted and bright-minded youths. Now the curtains are down for ever and the spirit of learning has fled from the old halls. The college which was the material embodiment of a high ideal of a moral and intellectual development for which the Methodists of this country have struggled for the past fifty years and will doubtless continue to struggle, has been transferred to this city where classes will in future be conducted. I can in a small degree appreciate the mortification of a retainer of college in the place where it withstood severe storms and in spite of all grew like a green bay tree. The sentiment—a strong power however much we may deny it—that gathered around the old college cannot be transferred to the new. The traditions will lose their force. As a missing link in the evolution of the institution, will be the transition period. The charm in an appeal to history has been destroyed. The new growth may be more rapid than the old, but it cannot be expected to be more sturdy. To different climes has the college been transferred. She will now be surrounded by bold competitors, some of whom will make free to say that in literary and scientific pursuits they have more to offer than she. In the sphere of theology, however, old "Vic" still stands on that rock with a firmness not lightly to be dealt with. By October next she will be by our side. We hope that her faith in the old promises will continue but continuing will be developed and expanded. Each college will find that she has much to do, for in every walk of life the struggle between "an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth" and "love your enemies" is as great as it was when the Child was born in the manger.

A special meeting of the Natural Science Association was held for the purpose of awarding the medals and prizes. The association encourages original research, for which we have a vast field yet to be traveled over and explored. The men who carried off the awards are all worthy and along with the signs have written on them what they have to carry the good wishes of their fellows. Mr. W. A. Parks was awarded the McMurrich medal (the gift of Mr. W. B. McMurrich, M.A.) for an essay on the Anatomy of Spirifera Disjuncta. The Cawthorne medal (the gift of Mr. F. T. Shutt, M.A.) was awarded to Mr. F. J. Smale for an essay on The Phosphones. Messrs. A. D. Chambers and M. A. Chrysler were awarded the prizes for mineralogical and botanical collections.

From the Eastern Hemisphere the senate has chosen three men as worthy of being honored with the LL. D. degree. These are: Sir George Badcr-Powell, M.P., Mr. Alexander Staveley Hill, Q.C., D.C.L., M.P., of England, and Mr. John Landauer of Brunswick, Germany. All three have worked with a will on behalf of the restoration of the university. Sir George and Mr. Hill are well known in political circles. The latter has been noted for the rich red color of his necktie and his strong language. The former visited Canada about two years ago and was dined and wined at the Toronto Club by a large number of university men at the pleasure and expense of Mr. W. Mulock, Q.C., M.P., vice-chancellor. Both can bring an easy and clear pen. Mr. Landauer is a man given much to original research, in fact, to state that he is a German would be equivalent to attributing to him many qualities that mark out a man given to diligence to study. JUNIOR.

Coming Events.

The closing exercises of the Toronto Conservatory School of Elocution will take place at the Pavilion on Tuesday evening, May 31. The programme will consist of readings, advanced Delsarte gymnastics and tableaux, and Mr. Harold Jarvis will assist. The tableaux will reproduce in elaborate detail many of the famous classical statues of ancient Greece, a form of æsthetic entertainment heretofore unknown in our midst. Seats will be on sale at Nordheimer's after May 25.

The annual festival in aid of the House of Providence will be held on the grounds, Power street, on May 26th, commencing at 10 a.m. and continuing until 11 in the evening. The attendance will undoubtedly be large. The annual report of the House of Providence has just been issued and gives a complete statement of the finances and work of the institution for the year.

He Agreed.

"Make it very strong and close, Uncle John," said the lady of the manor to the negro who was building a new garden fence; "my christianity can't stand the test of my neighbor's pigs and chickens."

"I D'lieve you, missus," was the old man's emphatic response, "kase I bin allus notice dat dem wuss an cr'ed pesters ain' good will, and neighborliness, an' 'ligion, whar dar warn't no fence."

A Poetical Authority.

Peck (the grocer, to his assistant)—You've rolled that oil barrel so close to the sugar that the sugar smells of petroleum.

Assistant—Well, sir, don't you know that Sir Edwin Arnold maintains that sweetness and light should go together!

Years Ago.

For Saturday Night.

"Ah! that was years ago,"
Her eyes held unshed tears;
Her heart still hungered so,
For the love of other years.
"I'm sure he loved me in those days,
Now he seems cold, always, always."

"Oh! that was years ago,"
Blithe was her tone and gay;
"But I thawed him out, though
He was cold for many a day.
Now he's as good as good can be,
You'd think he still was courting me."

So little mars or makes
The happiness of life;
How easily he breaks
Her heart, whom his calm wife,
By failing now to let her know
He loves her as in years ago.

It happens oft enough,
The fault is hers you know;
He's sure of a rebuff,
If he doesn't do just so.
But not so sure of thanks or praise,
Nor even the smile of other days.

And thus begins the "sear
And yellow leaf" of life;
Yet he is still "my dear,"
And he calls her "darling wife."
Words, empty words, as both well know,
They mean far less than years ago.

O, all ye would-be brides,
And husbands yet to be,
When launching on the tides
Of the matrimonial sea,
Let your love last, and let it glow
Brighter each year than years ago.

Burk's Falls, May 9, 1892. J. SMILEY.

The Voice at Night.

For Saturday Night.

Oft-times the unknown poet's soul is and,
Sick unto death, drench'd with despair forlorn;
For all the world seems hurrying past his door
Where he sits singing; and they leave him there to mourn.

Few, few, have noticed his soft, melodious songs—
And poets sometimes need encouragement:
Sick grows his heart as the retching heart of one
Who, having told his love, is forth unheeded sent.

But, haply, to him whispers a voice at night
On bed of trackless fancies: "Poet, rise!
Tho' earth has scorned thy humble, tuneful songs,
Think not that they are all unheard; for in the skies
They come as incense. God the censer fills.
Be thine to tend its flame. Still let it swing
Its holy scents. 'Tis Heaven's sweet woods it burns,
Whose perfumes are too rare for earth's wisemen or king.

"And if the chants of them whom men call great,
Beat down thy lays, be not overwhelm'd thou!
Idols were worship'd in the earth, while He
Was crucified who wore God's sign upon his brow.
The blaring trump drowns out the trembling flute,
Whose music is more fine. Thy homely song,
Unknown to thyself, has touch'd some heart
Their chorus ne'er could reach. Still pour thy notes along!

"And is may chance, on an undream'd of day,
That he who won the singer's laurel here,
Shall dread to meet the Eternal—Master of Songs!—
And cowering shall draw back on trembling knees of fear;
But he who sang like bird in market-place,
Amid the roar, heard not of anyone—
To him the Tuner of Worlds shall stretch his hand,
Saying unto him: 'Thou servant of God, well done!'"

JAS. A. TUCKER.

Friendship.

For Saturday Night.

True friendship is the rarest gem
Of all the gems of earth,
Though set ne'er in a diadem
Nor judged by market worth.
Who wears it on his heart may laugh
At poverty and fate;
He leans upon a stronger staff
Than the richest potentate.

True friendship is the fairest flower
In the garden of the race;
Nor frost, nor drought, nor tempest's power
May dim its virgin grace.
Who hath it in his little plot,
In some blest spot apart,
Shall find contentment in his cot
And gladness in his heart.

True friendship knows no gulf between
The high-born and the lowly;
Nor life, nor death, hath edge so keen
To sever bonds so holy.
Though doubt, and destiny, and hate,
May dare their worst endeavor,
Who hath his friend—come any fate—
He hath his friend forever.

SAM GREENWOOD.

Love.

For Saturday Night.

These gentle sounds, these gurgling streams,
These waters bright that flow;
These gracious rays, these sunny gleams,
These cheerful lights that glow;
These twittering notes, these warblings wild,
These blending songs so rare;
These buds so green, these peeping blades,
These op'ning flow'rs so fair;
These backing hills, these sun-kiss'd glades,
These beauties everywhere,
That run, that flash, that fly, that spring
Around me and above
They shed, they shine, they chant, they sing,
God's great symphonious love.

ERNEST E. LEIGH.

The Lakes Shall Rise.

Practical Jack was a tug-man bold;
To fight with a gale was "better than gold."
His was a place in the heaviest blow;
It pained him to see that the water was low.
Jack consulted and pondered the causes to solve,
And finally made a magnetic resolve.
Castor and Pollux, the Polar star;
A horned Moon, dim Alcor, Mizar;
The rest of the Dipper, Orion too;
Procyon, Sirius and Betelgeuse;
Spica, Arcturus, Aldebaran;
He had them all in his mental plan.
"I've noticed of late," said Captain Jack,
"That the moon rollers too much on its back.
Could I but manage it up to tip,
We'd soon have of water a good big sip."
The moon had nothing to do on earth,
Astronomers said, with a flood or death;
But Practical Jack took the other side.
He signed him a vessel to aid the tide;
To tackle the moon he'd certainly dare.
He took for his crew a bevy of Elves
Who over his tug'd disported themselves;
He sailed from the earth while the moon was new,
Saying that little job is what I could do:
He'd cast him a line on the lower horn,
The moon would pull till the bright line was torn;
And if he succeeds did not achieve,
A big man's life he'd forever leave!
His boat lies waiting, with steam at top,
For the other end of the line to drop;
And on and on through the weary days
The crew still steadily moonward gaze.
For Practical Jack shall soon be seen
Making feet for the grand canal,
Which shall raise the lakes with a mighty roar,
And a twenty-foot channel we'll want no more!

JOHN A. COPLAND in *Cleveland Marine Record.*

Between You and Me.

An interesting argument has been carried on in a New York paper as to the best means available by which a wife may help her husband to run for office. A money prize was offered, which was won by a Torontonian, Stinson Jarvis, the well known author of Geoffrey Hampstead. Some of Mr. Jarvis's points are so well taken that for the benefit and warning of my sisters, I am going to quote them: "In either sex the ability for veracity depends upon the presence of courage; therefore that sex which is the more courageous is the more truthful. Also when two sexes are unequally bound by social laws, the one which is most free will tell fewer untruths as excuses. Women do not love truth in a masculine way. They love satisfaction. Courageous men cannot bear to feel cowardly in either issuing or submitting to a lie. They only, and not women, have delivered us from the errors that grew respectable in their hoary antiquity. But women have backed up every mistake the world ever produced, if it gave them satisfaction. In India—not here, but in India—women go to a temple and say: 'I believe in Buddha as the saviour of the world,' but if it were the fashion they would quite as readily assert their belief in John Smith, if the new Easter frock had to be exhibited. When a cat chooses a warm hearth-rug it cares little whether the rug is from the Ganges or Syria. House account books in which asparagus means ribbons, silver soap means gloves and the little arrangement with the butcher means part payment of Mme. Parisienne's bill!—has any woman of these peccadilloes the courage to confess them? No—she will explain. And, after entangling herself fearfully, hubby finds that the entanglement proceeds from her want of courage and that her record in the spiritual Doomsday book can only be assisted by his greater liberality.

Again, there are many fields in which a woman fabricates and a man will not. Because he has no fears, hubby often tells his wife of a mild flirtation when his vanity demands a companionable outlet. But is she similarly frank? Hardly ever! Almost invariably she thinks it wiser to deny even her smallest transgressions against those laws by which she is hemmed in on every side. Who tells us the truths about ourselves which we abominate? Why, the coarse-featured brute who has the courage to tell them, under the guise, perhaps, of humorous repartee. And who makes us feel that life is pleasant? Why, the sweet women who lie and flatter us (God bless them!) into a better and more useful opinion of ourselves. A careful truth hunter will, after years, discover the frequent brutality of truth—how it robs of many pleasing delusions—and he will seek again, as an art, the ability for happiness in self-deception; and when I say that women are less truthful than men because they are cowards, there is no condemnation in my remark. Their natural protectors want them to be cowards so that there may be an opportunity to show off. Men cannot do without the sweet, flattering lies of women that raise their *amour propre* and tend to make them live up to feminine ideals."

If English papers are to be believed, our wheelmen could give them some pointers on courtesy. This is how things go "over there," according to the papers: "Swirling round corners at a terrific pace, these fellows startle pedestrians and frighten horses, under whose noses they will rush, not caring a whit for the annoyance and danger caused by their erratic movements and tremendous speed. To quell these evils, steps should at once be taken, and the custom of riding four or five abreast made an indictable offence, together with the practice of spurting, now so common, and so perilous to the helpless pedestrian." The average rider about here may go up a long way ahead of such 'Arrys as *these!*

A periodical subject for discussion has lately come up in some New York papers. To spank or not to spank, that is the question. Everyone gives their experience and expresses their opinions and we learn from the disclosures some marvelous facts. For instance, that a New York matron spanks her daughters until they are eighteen years old—she begins when they are two! Mrs. Montagu, my dear, you may retire into oblivion. A Canadian girl says that she is still passing under the rod at sixteen and that it does her good—she must be an *enfant terrible*, or a fool, certainly! One would hesitate to believe some of these letters, only that one has read worse, for example the effusions of two females in reference to the Deacon trial now in progress in France, which, though published in the *Pall Mall Budget*, are not fit even to be quoted from here. By the way, I am so glad the Home Secretary has let Mrs. Osborne out! No doubt she deserved punishment and had she been hardened I shouldn't have pitied her, but she was dying of shame and distress, and I think her short term in prison has been a lifetime of agony, such as you and I have no idea of.

You all know Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe! Everyone who isn't very young has read her touching negro story, and even the youngsters have seen Uncle Tom on the stage. It is sweet to be loved by one's neighbors, and the dear, gentle old lady is certainly happy in that way. They tell of her to-day that she strays about the streets of Hartford in an aimless promenade, now and then accosting a passer-by, linking her arm in that of some bonnie girl or stalwart man, and chatting pleasantly to them. At church she gets restless, slowly steps from her pew and ambles about the church, and sometimes steps up into the chancel, where she gently touches and lifts the sacred service of the Communion. Everyone knows her, and no one resents her failing powers, but loves her for what she has been. And so this dear woman flits about, as a sort of privileged person whom all love and respect; a sort of silver thread in the golden web of the busy, hurrying young American life about her.

LADY GAY.

Individualities.

In the Temperance Building at the World's Fair there will stand a handsome marble bust of Frances Willard.

Mrs. Richard A. Proctor, the widow of the astronomer, was married not long ago in London to Dr. James Cammac Smythe of Belfast, Ireland. Dr. and Mrs. Smythe are spending their honeymoon in Scotland.

To get away from the mails is one of the reasons for which Mr. E. C. Stedman has gone on a sea voyage. This is his first vacation in many years, and he needs it to recruit his strength for the work he has planned to do upon his return.

Jean Nelson, who recently won the first place in the oratorical contest at De Pauw University, is only nineteen years old. She chose Industrial Freedom as her subject. There are twelve hundred students in the university, and she enjoys the honor of being the only woman who has attained her distinction.

The attention given to athletics at Bryn Mawr is shown by the statement that Miss Elizabeth Guilford, Sophomore, took the ribbon prize for the highest record in vaulting, 4 feet 7½ inches; Miss Mary Ritchie, Freshman, won the prize for the best running high jump; while Miss Emma Atkins, Junior, came out first in the best general athletic work.

Behanzin, King of Dahomey, adds the resources of civilization to the traditions of his own country. He was educated in Paris, and is pronounced by far the most cruel and savage monarch France has yet had to fight in this quarter of Africa. Every one acquainted with Dahomey thinks France undertakes a big contract in trying to conquer the country.

The Prince of Wales's health is said to be exciting alarm among the inner circles in Eng land. Since the death of his elder son he has shown a disposition to indulge in hypochondria, and is especially tormented by fear lest the succession may pass out of the male line of his family. This is one reason for hastening the betrothal between Prince George of Wales and Princess Mary of Teck.

Fanny Kemble is now eighty-two years old. She is very feeble, and her great triumphs on the stage are only a dim memory with her. Her home is The Bower, Limpsfield, Surrey, England, where she is cared for by her daughter, who is the wife of Canon Leigh. She never writes a letter except to her daughter in Philadelphia, and her reading is limited to the Bible and a few religious books.

Harry Furniss, the caricaturist of London *Punch*, is giving samples of his quality. While he was in Washington he was asked to stop over to attend a dinner of the famous Gridiron Club. "We would like to put you on the gridiron," his would-be host explained. "That would hardly be right," spoke up the little artist. "I have heard of putting a gridiron on a furnace, but never a Furniss on a gridiron."

During her recent stay at Hyeres, Queen Victoria visited the Infant Asylum, and was so gratified with the result of her observations that, in reply to the request of the managers for her permission to name a cot for her, she sent money enough to endow four new beds. These are to be named respectively the Queen Victoria, the Princess Beatrice, the Duchess of Connaught and the Princess Margaret Victoria of Connaught.

Mrs. Montagu, who is now serving a term in prison on a conviction of having caused the death of her child by cruelty, may one day become Duchess of Manchester. This is how it might happen: The present duke is in very poor health. Should he and his only son, Lord Robert Montagu, die, the father-in-law of the prisoner would succeed to the title, and in the ordinary course of events Mrs. Montagu would become a duchess.

Mrs. Anne Hyde, of Fishkill-on-Hudson, N.Y., won a prize once for being the oldest inhabitant. This incident encouraged her in the habit of growing old, and on April 28th last, her one hundred and third birthday was the occasion of merrymaking in her honor. She was born two days before the inauguration of Washington as President. She is the oldest pensioner on the rolls of the United States, being the widow of a soldier of the war of 1812.

Pierre Loti is described as small in stature, with exceedingly narrow and sloping shoulders, a rather large head, and very small hands and feet. His eyes are singularly fine, and when his face is in repose it is profoundly melancholy. Upon the day of his installation in the seat in the French Academy, left vacant by the death of Octave Feuillet, a large and brilliant reception was given him by Madame Adam the author, and the editor of the *Nouvelle Revue*.

Frank Northrup, aged six, of Manton, Mich., and Thomas Jefferson, aged five, of Chicago, are rival mathematical infant prodigies. Frank does not know figures when he sees them, but can astonish the town clerk, constable, and road commissioner by the accuracy and rapidity with which he can work out any sum in multiplication mentally. Thomas confines himself chiefly in sums in addition. His claim to distinction lies in the fact that he works them out by a process of his own.

Madame Adam, the clever French woman who edits the *Nouvelle Revue*, and whose recent entertaining article on French girls has awakened so much comment, is fifty-six years old, and still very handsome. Her eyes are deep blue; her hair, blond; her figure, graceful. Madame Adam's day is somewhat rigidly divided into periods for work and recreation. Habitually retiring between 3 and 4 a.m., she rises at 9 o'clock, breakfasts at 11, attends to correspondence till 3, reads manuscripts for her journal from 3 until 7 when she dines, always simply and at home. At 9 o'clock p.m. she is ready for society, which she keenly enjoys. Midnight finds her again at her desk, where she works steadily until the arrival of her bedtime, just as the cocks begin to crow. She reads and writes with a basket of fruit by her side, and a repast of this is part of her preparation for sleep.

My First And Last Bear Hunt.

THE startling news was brought into the village that a big bear was on the ice down the river, and Dick and I got our rifles, put on our skates, and started for his scalp. Round the bend we glided cautiously, keeping a sharp lookout for evidences of his whereabouts, but nothing did we see. Up and down the frozen surface we went several times, covering a distance of about a quarter of a mile in length, and scrutinizing carefully the snow-clad banks of the stream, which were thickly covered in places with a dense growth of cedar bush. At the further end of our beat the creek narrowed considerably, the land on either side forming a sort of promontory, and leaving a passage between of about eight feet wide and twenty feet or so in length, after which the stream broadened out again but not to such an extent as on our side of the neck or passage. Our tactics thus far having met with no success and as we were pretty well agreed that the bear was on the hither side of the neck, concealed from our sight by the bushes on the banks, we decided to separate, each covering one bank of the course, Dick taking the left, I the right.

Up we went and down we came, but no bear. Dick began to look discouraged. "Let's try once again" said I, "and if we don't find him we'll give him up as a bad job."

"Agreed," said Dick.

So up we went again, this time, I confess, with our ardor considerably abated. By this time it was getting dusk and objects upon the banks would soon be indistinguishable. On arriving at the further end of my beat I found myself alone and looking back perceived Dick some distance off, skating leisurely around opposite a dense clump of bushes.

"See him?" I shouted.

"No," came back the answer, "but this looks like a good hiding place."

"Oh bosh," said I to myself as I turned and glided up to the mouth of the neck referred to. Suddenly it occurred to me that we might be mistaken. His bearship might have retired this far. Here was a chance to get ahead of Dick. Perhaps I could kill the monster single-handed, and then what a hero I would be in one pair of eyes at any rate! Accordingly, without telling Dick of my intention, I grasped my rifle firmly, and giving myself the necessary impetus swept through the passage, round the base of the right promontory and—almost into the arms of a great, gaunt, black bear who, attracted probably by our shouts, was making his way down stream again. With an involuntary exclamation I swerved off to the left as he rose upon his hin legs, but he dropped again on all fours as I sped away out of reach.

Describing a circle, round I came, intending to have a shot at him, and in the event of failure to bring him down, to make off through the passage, thus getting breathing time and an opportunity to re-load. Waiting only to shout Dick's name several times to bring him to the scene of action, I advanced towards the shaggy brute, who, having recovered from the surprise into which my sudden appearance had thrown him, was moving towards me with a view to closer acquaintance. Digging the heel of my left skate and the point of my right into the ice to steady myself, I waited his approach with intrepidity. As he came nearer I must confess to an awfully scared feeling creeping over me. I began to wish I had not been quite so venturesome. Where was Dick? I shouted his name again, and then, as the monster, evidently dissatisfied with my appearance, stopped about fifteen feet off and rose erect for purposes of inspection, discharged my rifle at the big body just below the right foreleg. Did I finish him? Not at all. Dropping on all fours he gave vent to a wicked growl and charged right at me. There was no time to re load. So reversing my weapon, as he came up I dodged to one side and struck viciously at him with the butt. Might as well have tried a stone wall. My stroke caught him right across the head, shattering the butt into half a dozen pieces and leaving me with the barrel and part of the stock in my hands. Here I was quite defenceless, and worse than that the bear was between me and the passage. He, however, did not give me time to form any plans, for stopping and taking with remarkable activity for an animal of his bulk, he came at me again with unabated ferocity. I saw the angry flash of his great red eyes and the gleam of the horrid fangs beneath, and putting up a silent prayer bent my head and barely shaving his outstretched claws in pass-ing, struck out for the neck. Horrors! Hardly had I cleared him when something in the ice caught my skate and down I came upon my knees, sliding along the ice for some distance. My right skate was off. With frantic energy I dug my remaining skate into the ice and shoved myself towards the nearest shore. Once there I could run and have some chance of escape by dodging around the rocks and bushes. I could hear him coming on behind. My God! would I, could I, reach the shore in safety? Where was Dick? I pushed on with almost superhuman strength. A hoarse growl a few yards behind me sent a thrill to the very roots of my hair. Nearer and nearer sounded the deep breathing and regular footfalls of my pursuer. The blood began to surge in my head—a mist rose in front of my eyes. The faces of the dear ones at home came up so vividly before me. R-r-rip! The leg of my left trowser has been torn from the knee down by the claws of the brute behind. My head swims. I hear a strong manly voice shout my name. With one last effort I shove myself far forward and with the sound of a human voice and the report of a rifle ringing in my ears, fall flat upon my face and sink into utter unconsciousness.

When I came to myself I was lying with my head pillowed on Dick's knee. "The bear! the bear," I ejaculated feebly, with the first gleam of returning consciousness.

"Oh, he's all right, don't bother your head about him. Just lie still and keep quiet for a minute or two."

I lay back with a sigh of contentment and gazed up at the few twinkling stars that had begun to show themselves in the great gray dome above me. "Have I been here long?" was the next question I hazarded.

"I thought you would never come to," he replied, evading a direct answer to my question. "When I shot him, he fell on top of you, almost entirely covering you, and I really thought you would be crushed to death. I dragged you from under him with a good deal of trouble, the brute was so infernally heavy. You did not seem to have any bones broken, but when, after rubbing your face and hands well with snow, you didn't come to, I began to get rather frightened. In fact, I was just thinking of leaving you over on the bank yonder and going for Old Sawbones, when you woke up."

"How did you happen to come just in the nick of time?" I asked.

"I heard your shouts and rifle shot, and judging you had got to close quarters thought it about time I was showing up and taking a hand in it. So I hustled like fun. As I came round the corner he was making a claw at your leg. Just then you slid forward and fell on your face. He rose a little for a final *coup de grace*, and at that moment I fired point blank at his broad breast. For fully ten seconds he remained erect uttering hoarse cries and beating the air wildly with his paws, then with a gurgling groan sank in a heap upon your prostrate body. But I say, old man, what a feather this'll be in your cap."

"In my cap! In yours, you mean."

"Not at all, old fellow; you are the hero, the favorite of Fortune, and there is nothing women admire so much as bravery. You see, I am so hopelessly unadventurous. I would have waited for him all right enough, but I'm afraid I wouldn't have gone far to look for him."

"All right, old chap," I answered; "have it your own way, but if it had not been for your promptness and nerve in coming to the rescue I would have been in the 'happy hunting grounds' by this time."

When we came to examine my late adversary I had indeed cause to be thankful in having escaped his terrible teeth and claws. One of my limbs was pretty badly torn, but I was very thankful at having escaped so easily. That night the huge body was drawn through the village on a large sled, accompanied by the youthful and exuberant spirits of the place carrying torchlights of every description.

From that time forth Dick and I were looked up to by the younger fry with a species of veneration that could not fail to be highly gratifying to our noble selves.

It is now many years since my adventure, but even now as I look up at the great head above the mantel piece, its massive jaws parted in a fantastic grin, I shudder to think what a different termination there might have been to my first and last bear hunt.

HENRI B. SULLY.

Art and Artists.

EVERY day in and out a pretty fair crowd moved to the exhibition of the Women's Art Club in the Canada Life Building. The attendance although as large as usual on such occasions was, I submit, not so large as was deserved by the clever drawings exhibited. But the ladies are cheerful, nevertheless. Among those from a distance among the exhibitors were: Rhoda Holmes Nichols, vice-president American Water Color Club, New York; Mrs. E. M. Scott, secretary American Water Color Club, New York; Lenore Doster of Marion, Kansas, pupil Art Students' League of New York; Mrs. F. McCaig, well known cattle painter of Buffalo, N.Y.; Margaret Ferine of Brooklyn, N.Y.; Mrs. Mary Phillips, principal Victoria Art School, Montreal. The Cleveland Art League send sketches from about a dozen members, including: Misses Waldeck, Clark, Fuller and Kelly, Miss Mary Pieva of Brantford, Miss Maud Moore of Winnipeg, Miss Macklim of Cobourg, Miss Mitchell of Tustin, Cal., Miss Beattie of Portage la Prairie, Miss Teeple of Aylmer, Miss M. A. Bell of Montreal. From Toronto: Miss Emily Denison, Miss Margaret Ross, Misses Boultbee, MacGillavary, Shannon and Bastedo. Members of the Woman's Art Club: Miss Daisy Clark, Miss McConnell, Miss Grayson Smith, Mrs. M. E. Dignum, Mrs. Mary Firstbrook, Miss C. D. Osler, Miss Emily Louise Orr, Miss L. Graeme Ware, Miss J. Bertram, Miss H. G. Stennett, Miss M. Ansley Sullivan, Mrs. E. C. Campbell and Miss L. Fisher. The ladies from New York had some pretty work on view, but the Toronto ladies held their own very nicely. Miss Emily Louise Orr had some nice exhibits, especially of roses and panales, also Miss Stennett, Miss Daisy Clark, Miss McConnell, Mrs. Dignum and Miss Sullivan. If I had gone over the exhibit critically I am told that there are several other names that would have received particular mention, but not having done so I only pick out those whose work attracted notice in a cursory view.

The Toronto Camera Club exhibition opened at the rooms, corner of Gerrard and Yonge streets, on Thursday and will remain open until Monday night at 10 o'clock. On Wednesday evening a private view was accorded a number of friends of the club and a really attractive exhibit it proved. As the exhibition is free to the public, there is no reason why a great many people should not take advantage of so pleasant an opportunity and what I believe is a cordial welcome.

Mr. E. Wyly Grier's portrait of Miss Mabel Cawthra has been honored with a position immediately over Sir Frederick Leighton's painting in the end of the main hall at the English Royal Academy exhibition, Burlington House. The picture is life size, full length. It must be very gratifying to Mr. Grier to have met with this success in an exhibition where he competes with the talent of the world. The latest *Pall Mall Budget* to hand contains reproductions of Sir Frederick Leighton's best pictures, and some by Waterhouse, MacWhirter, Millais and others. Speaking of the exhibit it says: "There is no epoch-making picture this year."

MACK.

A Sure Plan.

Lonely Walker—I'd like to have my life insured.
Agent—Well, there's the tontine ten-year plan, endowment plan, mutual benefit, old-time life, and—"
Lonely Walker—Well, isn't there a plan by which I could get fifteen cents to-day in advance—on account?—*Judge.*

A Mother and Her Boy.

The mother and boy were waiting for the train in the Albany station, when the dulness was broken by a funny figure of an old woman, in rusty gown, a catskin muff and tippet, and a black bonnet made of as many odds and ends as a magpie's nest, and her false front askew. She kept chewing on nothing, working her umbrella, and opening and shutting the other hand in its black glove in the aimless way of old people.

The high-school girls began to titter and make jokes to each other, watching the old lady far too openly for good manners, or any manners at all.

The young lady in the smart tailor suit who gives readings at Sunday-school concerts, smiled back at them and studied the old creature with a satiric eye.

The boy began to laugh quietly with the rest. "Do look, mother. Isn't she funny? Did you ever see such a sight?"

The mother glanced delicately and turned her eyes. "Poor lady," she said.

He was silent, considering.

"If I hadn't you," she went on, "and had lost all my money, and grieved over all I had lost, in money and friends, till my mind was touched, and I lived alone among queer people, I might look just like that woman. She must have been very good-looking when she was young."

The boy's mouth twitched as he turned his gaze from the poverty piece, as some of the girls called her, to his pleasant mother, and as the old lady went prowling about looking for something, a light step was at her side, a cap raised and a kindly, boyish voice asked: "Can I do anything for you, madam?"

"I was looking for some place to buy some checkermints," said the old soul, nodding carelessly and blinking with weak eyes. "I like checkermints if they're Boston bought, but I don't seem to see any, and there used to be a boy with a basket come round in the Fitchburg depot, and I thought maybe I could find him here."

"Shall I get you some at the fruit stall?" said the boy politely to her, but with a flashing glance at the giggling girls, which somehow did not make them feel proud of themselves.

Then the mother watched her boy lead the old woman to the candy stall and stand by her courteously, pointing out this and suggesting the other, till she made her fumbling purchases, and escort her across the hurrying passage to her seat in the train, out of his own compassionate young heart.

"My dear boy!" was all she said as he came back to her, but it was breathed in a voice of music, and she looked most happy.

The boy stood close to his mother, thoughtfully, one hand just striving to caress her. Their train called, he picked up her parcels and marched protectingly by her.

"You have a boy, mother, who will take care of you," he said, lifting his eyes to hers at the gate.—*St. Louis Republic.*

Business is Business.

The money lender D, feeling his end drawing nigh, adjured his three parons, A, B, and C (whom he had made his heirs), to put five hundred apiece into his coffin. "Though I can't take it all with me, at least let me have that much of it." They promised to do as he wished to the letter, but, as it turned out on discussing the matter, in a slightly different way. A had put in a five-hundred-dollar bill. B, who was more sympathetic, and knew how his dear friend D loved bullion, had put in five hundred dollars in gold. C was silent on the point, but, on being pressed, admitted that he had put in a check for fifteen hundred dollars payable to D's order, and had taken the other thousand dollars out.

A Difference.

Mamma—My dears, you should not talk about students on Sunday; it is not right.

Ella and Carrie (in chorus)—But mamma, we're talking about theological students.

Mamma—Oh!

On the Honeymoon Trip.

Bride (on ship board at sea)—I feel so sick, my dear, and if I should die and they bury me here, you'll sometimes come and plant flowers on my grave, won't you?

THE HAUNTED GHOST.

By E. J. GOODMAN.

This is the pitiful story of an ill used ghost. Driven forth from the castle he has faithfully haunted for years, the unfortunate wanderer is obliged, in his ghostly old age, to hunt about for a suitable ruin in which to set up his establishment. From *Atlanta*.

"Will I tell ye the story of the Ballykillin ghost?" Faith, will I your honor; but it's a mighty small matter, after all. He was a poor creature was that same, and so's the lave o' them when you come to reckon 'em up. The ghosts is nothing but shadows at all, and what harm is there in a shadow? None that I ever heard of, barrin' Pat Donavan's, that he struck with his black thorn when he was coming home from Carrickmahon Fair, thinking it was some rascal that was following of him, and just sent his stick through Widow Mahoney's window, which cost him five shillings, worse luck, for mending the broken glass and frame.

Well, this is the truth of it, your honor. Ballykillin Castle was haunted by a ghost. Faith it was, for I've seen it by with nobody's eyes but my own. Och! he was the ghost of a big scoundrel, he was—the "bad baronet" they called him who betrayed his country in the time o' William of Orange, and was found dead one fine morning in his own court-yard, with a bullet through his wicked heart. Not a soul ever knew who did it; but, whoever it was, he had the blessings of all the country round; for he was a mighty great rascal, was Sir Roderick Shane.

There never was a Shane like him before or since; for they've all been gentlemen, every baronet of them. And there was no finer gentleman in Ireland than my old colonel, Sir Peter Shane, who commanded the regiment I was out with in India, before I got my discharge for being crippled in the left leg in a scrimmage with the Indians.

Bless the dear old colonel! There wasn't a boy in the regiment who wouldn't have died for him; and when he asked if there was ever a man with pluck enough to go up to the castle and see whether there was a ghost in it or not, it's ashamed of myself I would have been if I hadn't been the first to volunteer for the job.

But I'm hurrying on a little too fast. For you must know that Ballykillin Castle had been shut up and left to go to waste for years upon years, all because of that murdering, thieving old ghost. And so was the lovely place around it, with its oak and beech trees and shady walks all grown over with weeds and rubbish, and its pretty gardens running wild for want of a gardener. For never a soul would go near the place, and the boys would walk miles out of their way of nights to give it a wide berth. Och! it was a pity, so it was entirely.

So Sir Peter, he says, "Here's this fine old house of mine all run to wreck and ruin because of a bit of stupid superstition;" and the brave old man would have gone himself to pass a night in the castle, to prove there was no ghost at all, only his good lady and the Miss Shanes wouldn't let him.

Well then, when I said I would go into the castle after dark and see if there was a ghost or not, he just shook hands with me and said I was a bold lad, and if I did it he would give me and Bridget £50 to start housekeeping on the day we was married. But I said I would do it for the love of him and the family, not for the money, though sure that same would come in handy for the wedding.

But Biddy, when she heard what I was after, threw her arms round my neck and held me fast, saying:

"Och! Timothy darling, sure you'll never go and do such a thing. You'll be kilt and murdered, that's what you'll be, and leave me a widow before we are married."

"Faith, no," says I; "the ghost won't hurt me, if there is one; and if there isn't, the colonel can get into the castle and live among us, and needn't be an absentee any more at all."

"But, och!" says Biddy. "If the ghost doesn't kill you, sure he'll frighten you out of your blessed wits, and it's a poor deluded lunatic that I'll have for a husband all my days."

Well, your honor, it was mighty hard work that I had to quiet the colleen, and persuade her to let me go without any howling. And all the folks in Ballykillin, when they saw me march off to the castle with my stick and my bag of victuals over my shoulder, I never come back with my wits about me, even if I didn't leave my corpse behind.

But I'd faced the black niggers out in India, and I didn't believe there was a ghost half as ugly or vicious as the best of them. I'd heard ghost stories galore in my time, and never knew of one where anything worse happened—than a bit of a fright; and sure, thinks I, if you're not frightened what harm can come to you at all?

So I marched up to the castle with never a twitter of the heart, whistling Finnigan's Wake just for company's sake, and ready to face all the ghosts in the bad place or out of it. The rusty iron gates at the entrance of the demesne were hanging loose on their hinges, and the pretty lodge was all in ruin, with the creeping ivy growing over it. The road under the big trees up the avenue was all covered with weeds, and a mighty big snake that you passed lay under a sheet of nasty green stuff that had gathered on it for years.

And the castle stood out grim and gray against the blood-red sunset behind, just like the haunted houses that you see in the picture books. But it didn't daunt me with all its queer looks; so I marched straight up to the old door, and put in the key. It wanted a twist, I tell you, to turn the key in the lock; and I soon got the door open, and then I was in the dark old hall, all as quiet as a church-yard, barring the scattering of the rats and bats which I set flying, without "by your leave."

Then I stepped up the old staircase, and, och! how it cracked and creaked under my feet; and little wonder, for it hadn't been trodden on by mortal feet for maybe a hundred years or more. And so I went on through the old rooms and galleries with never a bit of furniture in them, barring a rickety chair and a table here and there, and ragged tapestry and rusty armor on the walls. Faith! it was a pity to see such a fine place all full of nothing at all, and the sight of it put the courage into my heart to try and get the ghost out.

I went into one room after the other, illigant places with chimney-pieces all covered with figures, and ceilings painted and divided off into squares, just like a palace. But never a one had a sound window in it, for all the glass was broken and smashed as though there had been an election or a pattern fair outside. At last I came to one that was pretty middling tight, and there I made myself snug for the night. I got in some oil furniture, and broke it up for a fire in the grate, keeping a table and chair for myself to have my supper at and then I sat down and lighted my pipe and waited for the ghost.

Och! It was all nice and quiet, and the moon came out and peeped through the window, as much as to say, "Tim Macarthy, my boy, sure I've come to keep you company." I knew I would see nothing of the ghost, if he came at all, till midnight, as that was his time to appear; so the folks said. He was as regular as the rent collector, was that ghost, if you was to believe all you heard, and never a-stayed a minute after sunrise; so I thought I knew when to expect him.

Sure enough, just as the clock, far off, struck the last stroke of midnight, I heard a queer noise.

"What's that, anyhow?" I says to myself.

For it was such a sound as I never before heard in my life. It was like some poor creature groaning, worse than any of the wounded on the battle-field, with just a touch of a wail now and then like a howl at a wake, but more dismal.

"Faith!" thinks I, "the ghost is coming."

So I put myself in a genteel position, with one leg crossed over my knee, and kept my pipe in my mouth, and held my head up, so as to look becoming when the ghost appeared. There I sat and listened, and presently I heard a creaking of the boards, such as I made myself when I was coming up the old stairs.

Well, your honor, the sounds of the groaning and the creaking came nearer and nearer, and got louder and louder every minute; and if I said my heart wasn't beginning to beat, I'm sure I would be telling a lie. But I kept up my courage as well as I could, telling myself there was nothing to be afraid of, and that as I had come to do this job I must go through with it.

So I was as cool as the process-server when they introduced him into the river; and, by my soul, I needed to be that, when I tell you what happened next. As I live, the door just in front of me swung slowly open, bit by bit, with never a hand I could see to set it moving; and when it was wide open, there, in the full light of the moon, stood a figure that looked just awful.

It was the ghost, sure enough. It was the shadow of the "bad baronet, Sir Roderick Shane, dressed as he was two hundred years ago, when they put a bullet into him for his behavior. He had on an elegant green coat, slashed with gold lace, and under it a white frilled shirt with an ugly red stain over the left breast. There was a long wig on his head, reaching down over his shoulders, and he had knee-boots, with spurs, on his legs, and a sword by his side.

But, faith! it was not his figure, nor yet his dress, that looked so queer. It was his face, pale and pasty, like that of a corpse, and his horrible dead eyes with never a bit of light in them, his bloodless lips parted and showing a row of ugly black teeth, that sent a chill through me in spite of myself. I wasn't afraid, though—niver a bit! and I hadn't looked at him for above a minute or two before I got used to him entirely.

Well, he stood and glared at me, as I sat and looked at him, with my legs crossed over my knee, and my pipe in my mouth. I took out that last, so as I could say something civil to him; but never a limb did I move.

"Good evening, your honor!" I says at last. "Sure, you must be the ghost of the bad—I beg your honor's pardon—of Sir Roderick Shane, I mean."

"Man," cried the ghost in a hollow voice, "do you dare sit there in my presence?"

"Faith," says I, "I do. Why wouldn't I?"

"Do you not know," says he, "what fearful risk you run?"

"No," says I, "I don't; and would be much obliged for particulars of the same."

"Your reason," says he, "your very life is in danger."

"Well, now," says I, "you don't say that! Sure, I'd like to know how you make it out."

"At a word from me," says the ghost, "you might be driven into raving madness or drivelling idiocy. I could blast you as by a lightning stroke, or crush you into dust."

"Indade, then," says I, "it's lucky for me you don't."

"But," says he, "I cannot long forbear."

"Can't you?" says I. "Well, then, if I may ask without offence, how long will you be forbearing?"

"Until to-morrow night," says he. "You have intruded on my doubts, in ignorance. Begone at once and I will spare you; but never again presume to trespass on my do main."

"Well, the ghost talking in this way of the old colonel's property as his domain, began to get my blood up. But I kept as cool as I could, and said: "Sure, it's very good of your honor to let me off so easy; I'd be a fool indeed if I say that this is not your domain at all. It used to be, I allow, but it belongs now to my old colonel Sir Peter Shane. God bless him! and as I am here under his orders, here I mean to stay."

"Fool!" cried the ghost, and then he gave one of his dismal groans.

This was more than I could put up with, even from the ghost of one of the quality.

"Now, look here, ghost," says I. "Don't you begin of calling names, because two can play at that game, and I know the trick of it. Sure, I'm as good a right to be here as you have, and better. Indeed, you've no business to be here at all. The castle don't belong to you now, and you've kept all decent folks out of it ever since you got that piece of lead between you ribs. Why don't you keep quiet and easy in your comfortable grave, and leave the old place alone?"

"How dare you address me thus?" says the ghost. "You—a mean, common soldier! dare you speak to me like this—to me, who was the head of an ancient house, to whom you might, in days gone by, have been the basest menial in his service?"

This wasn't civil, but I kept my temper.

"Yes, ghost," says I, "that's right enough. All that might have been long ago, before you was dead; but, sure, times have changed since then, and I dare do a deal now that would have been a liberty once."

"Vile dog!" said the ghost, "I will parley with you no longer. But, once more, beware how you trespass here again. If I discover you within these walls to-morrow night your doom is death. Farewell!"

"A good night to your honor," says I, getting up for the first time, so as to be a bit civil now he was departing. Then I heard him go creaking and groaning along the passage till the sound of him was lost in the distance.

I couldn't help laughing. He was laughing. I slapped my thigh and says to myself: "Faith! I've had the best of him this time, anyhow."

Well, I thought I would see no more of him that night, so I just curled myself up on the b'g seat in the window, and soon was fast asleep.

Och! murder! you should have seen the folks when I walked through the village of Ballykillin the next morning. If I'd have been a shoy napoleon, they couldn't have looked more scared, and it was some time before they would come near me or touch me. But Biddy came running out, and threw her arms around me in the stress before all the people.

"Och! Tim darlin', she says, "and have you come back alive and left none of your wits behind you? Och, praise be to the saints for this mercy. But don't go near the bad place again; don't, Tim darlin'."

Then she asked if I had seen the ghost, and so did all the neighbors and the colonel himself. But niver a word would I tell them of what I had seen. I kept my mouth shut till the next night, and after that, too, and just an hour or so before midnight started off for the castle again.

I made myself snug once more in that room with the sound window, and waited for the ghost. It struck midnight at last, and I listened for the groans and creakings, but niver a sound could I hear.

"Well," I says to myself, "the ghost's getting into bad habits. I shall have to tell him to keep better time."

One o'clock came, and still there wasn't the ghost of a ghost.

"What's up now, I wonder?" says I "Sure, he hasn't cleared out of this already. I'perhaps he's gone to get some other ghost to come and help him turn me out. Och! I'm fast in a liberty. Well, I'll give him till sunrise, anyhow."

But the sun rose, and never a token of the ghost could I see or hear. So I just rolled myself up again on the window-seat and had a nap.

It was the same again the third night, and, faith, I began to get uneasy.

"What's become of him now, I wonder?" thinks I. Then, when I had considered a bit over the matter, I says to myself, "Sure, he's hiding away somewhere. I must go and see what he's after, at all."

So I takes up my candle and walks along the passage and across the great hall, till I got to the east wing of the castle. There I stood and listened a bit. Sure enough, I heard a groan, but a long way off.

So I shouted out: "Hallo! ghost; where are you, at all?"

It was at the end of the long gallery in the east wing that I found my gentleman at last. There he was, looking out through the window, as though he was admiring the pretty country under the moonlight. But he didn't seem to be enjoying himself, poor creature, and kept on groaning worse than ever.

"What ails you, at all, at all, that groaning!" says I, "as though that could do any good. If you're sorry for what you used to do when you were alive, why can't you think it over and keep quiet?"

As soon as the ghost heard me, he turned about and, if you'll believe me, he looked fairly startled.

"Why do you trouble me, man?" he says. "Begone and leave me in peace."

"Och!" thinks I, "is that your tune? It's a very different sort of note from what you sang the other night." So I says:

"Sure, I am waiting for some of those terrible things you threatened to do me. When are you going to begin?"

"Base slave!" says the ghost, clapping his hand on his ghost of a sword.

"Wirrastrew!" says I, "it's no use your doing that, anyway. Your sword can't do more harm than my pipe of mine; not so much; and you know it."

You should have seen the look of the ghost's face at I said those words. He seemed just bursting with passion; his eyes opened wide, but they couldn't flash, as all the fire had gone out of them long ago. Sure, no one ever saw a ghost in such a rage before.

Then he threw a look of contempt on me and turned on his heel and made off. He didn't run exactly, for that would not be genteel in a ghost, but he slipped away pretty quick, and I had a bit of trouble to keep up with him, with my lame leg. But I followed him pretty close through one gallery after another, and at last he stopped short.

"Solder," says he, more quiet and civil than ever he had been before, "I tell you you will leave me in peace. My doom is terrible, condemned as I am to walk the earth by night in expiation of my crimes. Why add to my awful punishment?"

"Why?" says I. "Sure, don't I want to get you out of this place, where, as I said before, you've got no business to be, and which belongs to my old colonel? If you must haunt something, go and haunt some old ruins that nobody lives in, and not a decent castle like this that only wants a bit of plumbing and carpentering to be made all snug and comfortable for my lodging in."

"I cannot leave it," says the ghost; "it is my home. It would increase my punishment tenfold, were I doomed to haunt a strange abode."

"Faith!" says I, "I don't care a straw for that. But if you won't come out of this, sure I'll nurse the tables on you and haunt you every night, whether you like it or not."

Och! the groan the ghost gave when I said this! I was the best I had heard yet. Then the creature was off again, and I followed him up till the sunrise, when he melted away like butter in the pan.

Well, I had rare sport with him. Night after night I hunted him up, and left him no peace at all. Sometimes I talked to him, and sometimes I didn't; but I was always at him, with chasing him round the castle and driving him fair crazy. It went some against the grain with me to worry the poor ghost, seeing I was born in this way; but I thought of my dear old colonel, and I never let him be. Heaven forgive me for the hard words I gave to that poor ghost; but, bad names I called him, insulting him worse and worse every night. Och! I led him a life.

At last one night he turned on me and says he, in a pitiful tone which pretty nigh went to my heart:

"Will nothing make you cease this persecution?"

"Well," says I, "that depends. What have you to offer?"

"What can I offer?" says he.

"Why, now," says I, "look here ghost. Couldn't you put me up to a good thing? Don't you know of a hidden treasure somewhere? I have heard that ghosts often do that."

"I know of none," says he, looking very sad.

"Well," says I, "I thought you could do nothing, and was only trying of you. I don't want any treasures. I only want you to get out of this place, and so, if need be, I mean to haunt you as long as I live."

"Ah," says the ghost, "there is comfort in that."

"Is there, indeed?" says I. "How do you make that out?"

"You will continue to haunt me as long as you live?" says he. "Be it so. But do you forget? What is your miserable speck of life to mine? Have I not lived in this spirit for nigh two hundred years, and shall I not thus exist to all eternity? The little that is left of your base life is but a drop in the ocean of my own. For that short space I must be patient."

I could scarcely keep myself from laughing in his face, for I knew that was what he'd be coming to, and I was ready for him.

"Och!" says I, "that's how you look at it, is it? Sure, thin, ye make a big mistake entirely."

"What do you mean, you?" says the ghost; and I could see that he was bothered all over.

"Sure, I'll show you what I mean to-morrow night," says I, "if I live, please the fairies."

Well, he couldn't get a word more out of me, for I had got a scheme up my sleeve which I meant to keep to myself for the present.

Now, Biddy O'Rourke, my pretty sweetheart, bless her! had a bit of a younger brother, fourteen years old or thereabouts, who was always getting into scrapes and mischief, breaking windows and chasing the pigs, and fighting the other boys as bold as a soldier.

So when I goes down to the village again, I gets Thady into a corner all quiet, and nobody by, and says I: "Whist! Thady, my boy; would you like to be the richest?"

Thady, he turned pale a bit first, and then those wicked young eyes of his lighted up, full of interest, and he grinned.

"Sure, Tim," says he, "that would I. Is there a ghost, then, anyway?"

Then I up and told him all about the "bad baronet" and what a poor creature he was, with never a ha' porth of harm in him; and how I'd been chivying him all around the castle night after night, till I'd half worried his life out of him. And Thady laughed, and was just mad to go with me and see the ghost. By St. Patrick! that boy had no more fear in him than there is in an old wooden gate-post, and he never shook a limb when we got into the castle.

"Who is this urchin?" says Sir Roderick, fuming and glaring in the old way.

"Och!" says I, "shame on my bad manners for introducing him. This is Thady O'Rourke, my brother-in-law that is to be, and he has come here to help me with this job."

"I do not understand you," says the ghost, looking more bothered than ever.

"Maybe you don't," says I; "but I'll soon make you. I have brought this boy out with me to help me to haunt you, and he's just coming here with me, night after night, to learn the business, so as he can take it up when I've done with it."

Never a word did the ghost say; but he started back a step or two and gave a groan.

"And," says I, "that won't be the end of it; for Thady when he grows up, and I am under the turf, will just get another boy like himself to share's taslings of them about—to learn the business, and take his place after him, and so it will go on if you stay here forever. Arrah! now, ghost, how do you like that lookout, anyway?"

Och! the poor ghost was a sight to be seen just then. He stamped, and he swore, and he fumed, and he scowled at Thady; but it was all of no use, for Thady, seeing he couldn't do any harm, laughed in his pasty face, and was mad to worry him.

Well, we led him a pretty dance that night and the night after; and Thady just enjoyed the fun, he did.

We hadn't been at it for more than a week or so, when one night we couldn't find the ghost anywhere. We tramped through all the galleries, upstairs and downstairs; but it was all quiet, and never a creaking, or a groaning, or a token of the ghost did we see.

"What's become of him, anyhow?" says Thady.

"Whist!" says I, "look yonder, Thady!"

And, och! it was a pretty sight that we saw. For down in the long walk, between the trees, what should we see but the old ghost, with his sword tucked under his arm, and his bundle on his shoulder, walking off as fast as he could tread, with his old wig trailing down his back behind and his spurs gleaming in the moonlight.

"By the powers, Thady!" says I, "we have made him clear out at last."

And we both shouts out of the window together as loud as we could:

"A good night to you, ghost, and a safe and pleasant journey!"

Well, if you believe me, Thady and I watched night after night for the ghost, in vain, if ever the ghost was to change his mind and come back; but never a token of him did we discover. He was gone for good and all; and then we let the secret out to the neighbors, and the colonel, and all the country round. At first they wouldn't believe it; but sure, they couldn't hold out long for the colonel himself went up to the castle at night with us, and saw the ghost wasn't there at all, which showed it was true as a miracle.

And then what doings they had! Sir Peter, he brought down builders and carpenters and gardeners from Dublin, and had the old castle made as good as new, and all the ugly weeds pulled up out of the pretty walks and gardens. Then they furnished the place like any palace, and the family came down to it, and lived in it, and gave a ball to all the quality for miles around.

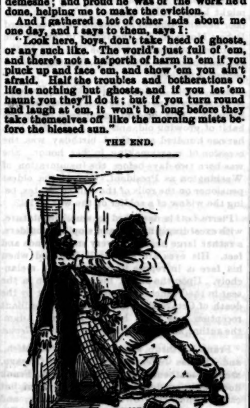
And the colonel was as good as his word, and married Thady and me was married. He gave us the £50 he promised, and situations at the castle, with nothing to do but to keep his hand out.

As for Thady, he had a job, too, on the demesne; and proud he was of the work he'd done, helping me to make the eviction.

And I gathered a lot of other lads about me one day, and I says to them, says I:

"Look here, boys, don't take heed of ghosts, or any such like. The world's just full of 'em, and there's not a ha'porth of harm in 'em if you pluck up and face 'em, and show 'em you ain't afraid. Half the troubles and botherations o' life is nothing but ghosts, and if you let 'em haunt you they'll do it; but if you turn round and laugh at 'em, it won't be long before they take themselves off like the morning mists before the blessed sun.

THE END.



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"I haven't heard about it. What was it?"

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"Is that so! Why, I thought he made a grand success of his exhibition."

"So he did the first time. He flew through the air like a bird, but the second time he fell."

"Ah, yes. The second time was a sort of a defective flew, I suppose."

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My First Night in Camp.

At the outbreak of the civil war my brother and I enlisted, and our company was ordered shortly after to join its regiment, the Fifty-fifth Virginia at Fort Lowry.

We were young fellows, fresh from a Northern college to which we had been sent by our father, who was one of the wealthiest slave owners in that section of the State familiarly known as "lower Virginia." We were full of enthusiasm, and having grown very tired of several weeks of enforced inactivity, eagerly welcomed this order to move to the front.

Each of us carried with him a body servant. Mine was named Solomon; a very black darky, about forty years of age, and rather inclined to corpulence; he was a thoroughly aristocratic, and of a most overbearing and haughty demeanor in his intercourse with the other negroes at the quarters. My brother's servant also bore a biblical name—David. He was fully as black as Solomon, but several years younger, thin, sprightly, and—well, there is only one word which will express it—"sassy;" not toward my brother or myself, be it said, to whom he was deeply attached, but toward his fellow-servants. They had both been born on my father's estate, and had never been off of it a dozen miles in their lives, and they set out on the march in fully as high spirits as we young masters. Accustomed as they had been to the warmth and shelter of the pine log quarters, they were very much disgusted to find, when camp was pitched, that they were to sleep under a tent and on the ground—as much, be it said, on our account as on their own.

My brother and I had a large officer's tent, and David and Solomon a smaller one, just back of ours. After we had all turned in for the night, my brother and I could scarcely refrain from laughing outright at the conversation, which we plainly overheard, in the other tent, before its occupants fell asleep.

"What kind ob libbin' dem yankees call dis, anyway!" asked David.

"Wusser dan a rabbit," said Solomon.

"A 'possum's powerful luxur'ous tar dis kind of t'ing!" said David.

"Deed is he!" said Solomon. "An' dem niggars down at de quarters a-lyin' up in bede wid a fire roarin' up de chimbley!" said David.

Solomon groaned.

"An' who knows but what some one ob dese hyar coachwhip snakes will a-come a-creepin' in under dem sides afo' mawnin'!"

"Good Gord!" said Solomon.

"Or one ob dese hyar swamp lizards what 'ain't bin froze yit a-comin' in hyar fer ter warm hisse'f!"

"Great Gord!" said Solomon.

"An' jist ter t'ink ob Marse William and Marse Allen a-sleepin' out hyar in one ob dese contrapshuns, when all dere blessed libes doy's bin a-tucked up in fedder beds till you couldn't see ha'r nor hide ob 'em!"

"Dat's so; it am powerful hard on 'em, sartain," said Solomon.

"An' a-eatin' roastin' yars an' taters instid obchicken an' duck an' lamb an' turkey, an'—an'—"

"Possum," said Solomon by way of climax.

"An' jist ter t'ink ob dem Yankees a-puttin' us folks ter all dis hyar worriment! I doan know why de good Lord lets 'em lib; I'clar I doan. Does you know what I'd do wif 'em if I war in His place?" No answer save a snore from Solomon. "Well, sumfin' dat, I'll put a spell on obbery last one ob dem, dat I would fer sartin! All dis hyar worriment an' pestiferousness! Well, I clar of dis hyar niggar ole 'sleep, an' a-snorin' like a hog! I do clar he am de sleepiest-headdiest niggar I ebber did see, fur shuah!" he said, with a disgusted grunt; and judging from the deep snores which reached us soon after, we felt sure that David was hard on the track of Solomon.

"Poor devils!" said my brother, "they miss the quarters. I'm almost sorry we brought them."

"Well," said I, "you would have found it hard work to persuade them to remain at home, and harder now to make them leave us."

And it was true. There was something almost sacred in the great love many of the slaves at the South bore to their masters.

We were young, hot-headed, and thoroughly enjoyed the novelty of the camp. Ah, how tired we grew of it before the four years were over! We soon fell asleep and dreamed—at least I know I did—of great victories won over the foe, of promotion, a general's straps, and "the girl I'd left behind me," as the old song runs.

The night wore on. Suddenly we both sprang from our beds. Someone was being killed. Listen! "Help!" "Murder!" The cries were muffled, but sounded near at hand. "Quick!" I cried, and we dashed out of the tent.

It was dark as pitch; the wind was blowing furiously, and a cold driving rain drenched us to the skin in an instant. But we paid no heed to this. Someone was being killed, and near by. "Help! Murder! Lord! Pull him off! I'm a-smothered!" Murder!" We now plainly recognized the voice; it was Solomon's. Someone was killing our servants, and we rushed around to their tent. Suddenly I tumbled and fell over some large wet object on the ground. The cries were redoubled, and the object pitched and tossed violently. I was badly frightened for an instant, but, before I could regain my feet, realized exactly what had happened. The tent was down, and our poor servants, caught underneath, were half dead with fright and making desperate efforts to free themselves.

I called to them, bidding them be still, while my brother and I set to work to make an opening through which they might crawl out. They recognized my voice, and David exclaimed:

"Thank de good Lord! I'n mighty nigh xausted, but I'a a-holdin' onter him like grim deaf!"

And Solomon, in a weak voice, exclaimed: "Fur marcy sake, pull dis hyar fool offen me! He's got me by de frost so tight I'a ekceecely kin breave!"

Finally the tent was dragged away, and there on the ground lay Solomon with David "holdin' onter him like grim deaf," true enough.

"What do you mean, you black rascal?" I cried. "What are you trying to kill Solomon for?"

"What Solomon?" he asked, in a bewildered way. "I ain't seen no Solomon."

"This is Solomon," I cried, "and you have nearly strangled him to death. What do you mean by all this?"

"I'clar ter gravshus, Marse William, I ain't laid eyes on Solomon sence I furst went ter sleep. I wussent doin' a blessed t'ing—just a-lyin' up dere sleepin', when all ob a sudden, sumpin' hit me kerwhop in de face, an' den jumped squar' on top ob me, an' I jest grab him an' holt on till you and Marse Allen come."

"Dat's de mostest big fool ob a niggar ebber I did see!" said Solomon. "Hyar I was a-lyin' up dere like a lamb, an' he come a-pounc'in' inter me an' grabbin' me by de frost an' nearly choakin' de wind out of my 'jestive organs."

"Well, I 'clar!" said David. "War dat you, Solomon?"

"Most in sartin it war," said Solomon snappishly.

"Well, look a-hyar, niggar, what done 'sess you ter come flop me in der face, an' den come a-jumpin' inter me like dat?"

"Nufin ob de sort!" replied Solomon.

"Nuffin ob de sort! On de contrary, youse de one what come a-buckin' inter me."

"Look a-hyar!" cried David.

"But I broke in with: "Here, stop that quarreling! Neither of you hit the other in the face. It was the tent which blew down on you; then you were frightened out of your wits and began fighting each other and yelling murder loud enough to wake every man in the company."

They began to mutter words of apology, but the excitement was over, and our teeth were chattering violently out there in that freezing rain, so I cut their protestations short with: "That's all right. No harm done. The only thing you can do now is to put up this tent again. Be sure to drive the poles and pins in deeper." And my brother and I made a dash for the friendly shelter of our tent.

Back in bed and warm once more, we buried our heads in the blankets and laug ed until we were weak. For the sake of discipline I had tried to appear stern and angry, but was only able to carry on my acting to a very close, thanks to the darkness which hid my face. This was twisted I know into the queerest contortions in my struggles to keep from laughing outright. Outside, David and Solomon could be heard fumbling about in the dark for the poles, and the holes to place them in. Presently we overheard David say to Solomon, "Well, I nebber did speck ter come ter dis." And Solomon replied, with a strong tinge of malice in his voice, "But youse done come ter dat, dough!" No one can imagine how supremely ridiculous this dialogue sounded—the disgusted tones of David's voice, the triumphant tones of Solomon's.

My brother and I laughed till we fairly cried, and more heartily still when, about half an hour later, Solomon appeared timidly at the door of our tent to ask "Marse Allen" please to speak to his "niggar" David, and make him give him the place nearest to the door; "fur," said he, "if dat fool am took satin wid anodder ob dem rabbit fits, I wants ter be whar I kin git out!"—*Harper's Weekly.*

Fireproof and Waterproot.

It is apparently a question of only a short time when all our garments will not only be fireproof, but waterproof also. It was about a year ago that one of our great eastern manufacturers placed fireproof curtains on the market, and these goods are now becoming staple. Indeed, it is only a question of time when some other than fireproof curtains will be found in our homes. It is well known that within the last year or two most of the theaters submit their scenery to a fireproofing process, and in our opinion the law should compel every theater to do so. If a method of fireproofing shall be devised, as now seems probable, which shall be applicable to every kind of fabric, the danger from fires in the house will be reduced to a wonderful degree.

The waterproofing of every class of fabric seems now to be an established fact. We have examined a large number of samples of dress goods of the better class which have undergone the Melissa process, and we must say that it appears to be a complete and practical solution of the problem of waterproofing, and no one can detect that there has been anything done to the fabric. Without altering the character, color, appearance, porousness or odor of the goods, the treatment enables the fabric to resist any rain or prevent its absorption.

When these two great processes shall have become of universal adoption, it will almost work a revolution in the modern dry goods business. The enormous insurance rates now paid by dry goods houses will be reduced to a minimum. Losses of life and property by fire will be greatly reduced in hotels, theaters and private dwellings. At the same time the sickness and death resulting from exposure to rain and snow should be greatly lessened. For children and persons whose duties call them out upon open fires, a fireproof garment would be invaluable.

There is no reason why the waterproofing process should not be successfully applied to outing garments, etc., while every woman who is searching for curtains or other household goods should now give her preference to those goods she knows will not be responsible for a conflagration in her house.—*Chicago Dry Goods Reporter.*

A Big Cat Drove the Burglars.

A Denver correspondent of the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* writes as follows: "And old lady living alone in a large and dreary house in the western suburbs of this city has fled with the neighbors of an attempt to burglarize her house, and the marvelous manner in which the attempt was thwarted. She is well known to the residents of Denver, and the income from her property exceeds her expenses; and as she has a horror of banks, it is the general impression that she keeps the money concealed in her house. She is quite alone, except for a servant woman who comes in the morning and does the work, returning to her house at night. She is always accompanied by an enormous cat, brindle and white, rejoicing in the name of Dot. He weighs at least sixteen pounds, and attracts a great deal of attention on account of his size, but allows no one to touch him but his mistress.

"On several occasions when dogs have strayed into the premises, Dot has attacked them and sent them howling and bleeding from the place. 'Last Wednesday night,' she says, 'I was'n feeling well and went to bed as soon as the servant left. I sleep upstairs in the south room. Before going to bed I went all round below stairs and fastened every door and window, just as I always do. Dot was sleeping on my bed, just as he always has done all his life. In the night I was awakened by a scuffling noise in the bedroom, and found when I put my hand on him that he had raised his head and was listening, trembling all over, he was so nervous. I thought he heard a rat, and was about to go to sleep again when he sprang to his feet and stood beside me, growling very low. Then I listened, and distinctly heard footsteps creeping up the stairs. I was so frightened that a smothering sensation came over me. In all the years I had lived there alone such a thing had never happened. I could hear the footsteps come up to the top of the stairs, and then a hand went feeling along the wall for the door of my room. Directly he found the door, and then the hand went feeling for the latch, and having found it, turned it and the door opened. I knew well enough what was going on, but I could not move or even scream. I lay just there as though I were dead. I heard the feet begin to move slowly across the floor toward my bed, and soon he was touching the bed. Just at that moment Dot made a very awful leap, and I am sure he must have landed square on that man's head, for of all the wild yells that ever came from a mortal throat that was the worst. 'Dick! Dick! come an' help; the devil's got me!' he screamed, and ran for the door. Dot jumped off, but the man must have been blinded with blood, for he missed his footing at the top and fell down the whole flight of stairs. At the bottom Dot pounced on him again, and when his comrade ran to his assistance Dot gave him a taste, and I heard him swear that the whole thing was a trap. I'm sure I don't know what I should do without Dot. He is a perfect treasure.'"

The Reason Why.

Fussy—I can't see why you women wear such long, trailing skirts.

Mrs. Fussy—To have something to occupy our hands with, of course. Why do you carry a walking-stick when you're not lame?

For Nervous Diseases

USE HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE.

Dr. F. G. Kelly, Alderton, W. T., says: "I have prescribed it in a large number of cases of restlessness at night and nervous diseases generally, and also in cases of indigestion caused by lack of sufficient gastric juice in the stomach, with marked success, and consider it one of the best remedies known to the professional world."

"Jack."

When I went to sea, said an old yarn spinner down on the wharves, I was very handy aloft, and answered to the convenient name of "Jack." I was so willing and handy that the officers were always calling upon me. It was "Jack, do this," or "Jack, do that." On one voyage from Havana to Philadelphia the mates called on "Jack" so much that I was well nigh worn out. I determined to be "Jack" no more. After arriving in Philadelphia and remaining a few days, I went to the shipping commissioner's office for a new job. He said he wanted a man for a captain who was then waiting in the office, and requested me to sign my name.

"I cannot write," I said.

"Then tell me your name," said he.

"Ahasuerus Vltz Van Deuzendorff," said I gravely.

"What?"

"Ahasuerus Vltz Van Deuzendorff."

"How in thunder do you spell it?"

"I don't know."

"Here, sir," said the commissioner, turning to the waiting captain, "this man ought to suit but for his confounded name."

"That's all right," said the captain. "I'll take him."

I tell you, I had peace and comfort on that voyage. Whenever the mate wanted me to do anything he would start on my name, break out swearing, and tell another man to do the work. I think they suspected something wrong about the name, but they never caught me.

Cannot Refrain.

"I cannot refrain," writes Mr. Robert George Watts, M.A., M.D., M.R.C.S., Albion House, Quadrant Road, Canonbury, N. London, Eng., "from testifying to the efficacy of St. Jacobs Oil in cases of chronic rheumatism, sciatica and neuralgia."

Russian Astuteness.

A Greek vessel was lying at anchor, not long since, in a harbor in the Black Sea, and being rather a suspicious-looking craft, an excise officer was ordered to keep watch on its movements. The captain was anxious to perform some illegal operation with his ballast, but he found it impossible to escape the vigilance of the officer, so determined to make it worth his while to winke both his eyes.

As, however, the Russian understood no Greek, and the Greek was quite ignorant of Russian, the proposal had to be made in dumb show. After indicating in pantomime what he wanted to do with the ballast, the skipper wrote down on a slip of paper, "Ten roubles." The excise officer read the paper, and then promptly wrote underneath it, "One hundred roubles. This was more than the Greek felt inclined to pay, and the negotiations fell through.

The affair, however, reached the ears of the authorities, and the Greek was arrested. In the court he rounded on his accuser by producing the document which had been the medium of negotiation between them.

"Did you write this?" asked the judge of the witness, as he pointed to the words, "One hundred roubles."

"I did, your honor," stolidly answered the excise officer.

"Then you demanded a bribe!" retorted the judge.

"No, your honor."

"Pray explain yourself," said the judge in his severest tones.

"The prisoner offered me ten roubles, and I told him I would not do what he wanted for one hundred roubles."

"Nada, the Lily" is now running serially in the *Illustrated London News.* The Canadian edition is finely illustrated with twenty-five full page engravings, and will be the book of the year. Price—Paper, 60c.; cloth, gilt, $1. For sale at all bookstores. Published by the National Publishing Company, Toronto.

Getting in Trim.

Visitor to B. B. Grounds in the morning—What in the world is that man doing!

Manager—That's Rafferty, the champion base stealer. He's somewhat tender yet and is getting himself in trim for sliding to base.

Correspondence Coupon.

The above coupon *must* accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Questions, queries or questions and queries will be answered. Address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by coupons are not studied.

ZERO.—You are matter-of-fact, but fond of fun, conscientious, constant, warm in affection, fond of good living, very methodical, and apt to be prejudiced, rather lacking in hope and buoyancy, and not infallible in judgment.

APRON STRINGS.—Your writing shows good decision, self-assertion, adaptability, carelessness, a little affectation, some imagination. Do not bite your hand; it is not a very pleasing mannerism. You are kind and good-tempered, rather confiding, but careful and discreet; have some sensitiveness and indicative perception.

HERCULES.—Your writing shows large imagination and some pride. You should be fond of planning and theorizing. You are sensitive, good-natured, conscientious, fond of society, rather a hasting and impulsive nature, with good mother wit and a strong sense of ridicule on the root of all evil. Judgment and self-control are faulty, affection not too strong, candor and honesty fair.

DOUBTFUL LASS.—Your letter is dated January 30th. I have another correspondent of the same name, but that later date. 2. Your writing is extremely in the formative stage, and I should not please you nor do you justice by a delineation just now. 3. Make yourself happy. I never had to quiz. As to what I thought of you, I saw you three months ago; I am only too glad to forget it. I don't like snow and cold.

C. H. O.—Your hand is a very crude and immature study. If, as the writer suggests, a study of the same writing was sent six months previous to this one, the writer must have a very unknown study, studies, if only to refuse them, so that people may know I got them. Making allowance for contrasted letters and phrases. 1. Style, I think good, caprice, carelessness, some love of beauty, perseverance in effort, and rather a generous and good-tempered nature.

MARGUERITE.—Your letter is dated January 1st. I mention this as you have chosen a very common nom de plume. I have several the same, and your writing is far from commonplace. You are idealistic, prone to despond, impatient and rather capricious, with a kind and amiable disposition, independent in some ways, and undoubtedly original and talented. You are prudent in speech, rather romantic, lacking in concentration, and rather crude in method. You have strength, but it is marred by mannerisms and want of repose. I should think you were honest and true.

MARY D.—This bright and mirthful handwriting ought to belong to a very sunny and lovable nature, with vivid imagination, good expression, with a hopeful temperament. She would never fold her hands and despair even under the most untoward circumstances. Sentiment and beauty, sympathy, honesty and good perception are shown. It is not a very assertive or forceful character, it has a dainty stamp and character peculiarly possessed of admiration. My love to you, sweet Mary D. I am safe in committing it to your care, for you have a great way of holding fast to what is given to you.

C. A. F.—Oh, dear, so I am "a sweet-tempered, faint-hearted lady, wearing spectacles and looking at every one kindly." Am I? That's all you know about it, then! I am not any of it at all, more's the pity, though I am rather amusing at your fancied description. And I can "always be a sympathizer" either, though I could with you, for you're a nice sort of girl, or your writing tells fibs. Let us see what you have. You are gentle, affectionate, amiable and slow! Quietly persistent, even-tempered, fond of a joke, when you see it, which last evening, I should conclude, conscious, fond of pretty things, prudent in speech and can be rather romantic, lacking in concentration and crude in method. You have strength, but it is marred by mannerisms and want of repose. I should think you were honest and true.

MUSETTE.—You have certainly taste and some talent, though your writing is rather immature. 2. It shows vivacity, imagination, some taste for beauty, good sympathy. 3. Cut a heart-shaped or oblong piece of cloth, about eight inches long by six wide, stitch it round the edge with a fine darning iron, work a star in *floselle* in each corner. Embroider *Paper a barbe* (which is the charming name of the charming paper) on the another plain piece of cloth for the back, then take a good many sheets of colored tissue paper, in the blue tints, cut out a heart-shaped, plain form, put between the two pieces of cloth, punch two holes through the upper edge of the heart, about an inch wide ha! ha! I know, and having threaded a ribbon through from the back, fasten a tassel or fancy dangler on each end of the ribbon; draw the loop at the back firmly through and hang up by it.

MAID OF GLENGARRIE.—See answer to Scotch Lassie Jean. Please, I object to be addressed as the Correspondent. Column. When you have a little older write to me again and I will be glad to delineate your writing, but don't give me too much of compliments. 2. Why do you object to being called Dear Nothing, Dear Miss, Dear Madam, Dear Sir and Dear *It.* All of these are pleasantly be puzzled with in want of characters, and I don't like *Correspondent.* 3. How very absurd of you not to take advice, and how very unhappy and miserable you must be! Your writing is fascinating, but there is no sense in being shocked but it is the extent of depriving yourself of proper exercise. 4. Take a little cake of ice on the chest, then a little blue, bleque and vinac rose ought to suit you. 4. I don't understand her your ladyship's complaint. You had better leave them alone or you will be having red eyes and no lashes at all.

ENGLISH.—Here is a correspondent wanting to know how to set about commencing a career on the stage. You are a little late in commencing, Eaglet. You should be born in the first thing I should do, if I were you, would be to buy a spelling book, then you would be laying a sensible foundation for a career either of or on the stage. So you think I am "a mate." Well, when I get a few more pen pleasure of myself I won't know what I am at all. 2. There is no engagement at the Lyceum, therefore she cannot be engaged permanently, by which I suppose you mean for the season. 3. Your writing is very correct. You had better leave them alone or you will be having red eyes and no lashes at all.

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Both Ways at Once.

"Gentlemen, may I go with you?"

"Where?"

"I don't care."

"But we are going in opposite directions. This gentleman is going north, while I am going south."

"I don't care."

"But which of us do you wish to accompany?"

"Both."

"But you can't go in two directions at once!"

"Can't I, though? I guess you don't know who I am. I'm the Democratic platform."

"Mamma sent me to get a hair brush."

"What sort of a hair brush do you want?"

"I want one with a soft back."

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There's a fashionable lady at Sable,
Who enamelled her five o'clock table;
Friends anxious to see
Came daily to tea
And her fame went abroad like a fable.

A charming young widow of Ayr,
Enamelled her vacant arm chair;
She made it so neat,
So tempingly sweet
That she soon found a candidate there.

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Enamels, All Shades
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SICK

Headache, yet CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for $1. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

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Married in white, you have chosen all right;
Married in gray, you will go far away;
Married in black, you will wish yourself back;
Married in red, you will wish yourself dead;
Married in green, ashamed to be seen;
Married in blue, he will always be true;
Married in pearl, you will live in a whirl;
Married in yellow, ashamed of your fellow;
Married in brown, you will live out of town;
Married in pink, your spirits will sink;
Married or not, you may have to toil;

BUT FOR RHEUMATISM USE ST. JACOBS OIL.

Music.

APART entirely from the question of the popularity of oratorio and its possible solution by observation of the attendance and demeanor of the audiences at the two Philharmonic concerts this week, they possess an interest to music lovers which is of no mean proportions. So much has been written during the last two months in the public prints on the subjects of oratorio *vs.* orchestral music, of festivals, and of the Philharmonic Society and its past and future, in all of which correspondence Mr. Torrington has been a central figure, that it was only natural that musicians and the *dilettanti* of the city should take the opportunity of hearing some new music and of sizing up Father Torrington at the same time. Accordingly many of the musical lights, both professional and amateur, were to be seen at the first of the two Philharmonic concerts on Tuesday night, with sharpened wits and with ears carefully attuned, as it were, to their sides of the discussions. I do not propose to enter into the general questions which have upheaved the stormy waves of musical discussions at this writing (Wednesday afternoon,) but shall confine my lucubrations to the details of the first concert.

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First of all, the orchestra. It numbered about sixty performers, some eight or ten of whom were ladies, and may fairly be said to have contained the flower of instrumental performers in Toronto; (my appreciation of the sensitiveness to classification felt by musicians impels me to amplify by saying that some very good performers in Toronto were not of the orchestra). The general effect of the orchestral work seemed to me to be so good as not to have been excelled by any aggregation that Mr. Torrington has yet placed before us. The tone was broad and full, and a very just balance was established between strings and wind. The strings were exceedingly good, the first violins being a trifle lacking in their unisons, a result hardly to be avoided in this delicate department. The lower strings were sonorous and rich in quality, and the general breadth of tone in the wind department was highly commendable. The *ensemble* was extremely good, so good that unprejudiced observers could not but wish that some means might be found whereby greater permanence and more organization could be effected, when the faults incident to comparatively meagre rehearsal might be avoided. The forties were fine and vigorous and well blended, but the pianos were unfortunately too rare, while pianissimos, I am sorry to say, were not. The general phrasing, however, was excellent.

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The two orchestral numbers in the first part were the finale from Saint-Saen's Second Symphony and the Intermezzo from Cavalleria Rusticana. The first did not impress me very favorably, either in matter or performance, but the second received a really excellent rendition, though a more insistent effort to secure any soft playing would have produced a still greater success. Still a clear, sweet tone was secured, and so good a performance given that it had to be repeated. Mr. William Kaiser of New York was the visiting tenor and gave a fair rendition of Salve Dimora. This gentleman has done some good work on previous visits, but I must confess to a slight feeling of disappointment at his efforts on Tuesday night. He seemed to be out of practice, or out of sorts, for his tone was rough and his phrasing was rather absent. In Callirhoe, which formed the second part of the programme, he failed to show the neat, well rounded periods that I have admired on previous visits. Callirhoe is a wonderfully strong production. Dr. Bridge should write an opera if he can get the libretto. Here and there a short phrase strikes one as having been heard before, but this is only seldom. Bold and striking in melody and harmony, he has never lost sight of the beautiful, and has succeeded in rounding off a dramatically conceived work that challenges criticism as well as admiration.

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The work of the soloists is essentially illustrative of the emotions described, and is by no means easy and is never commonplace. With all this is a delightfully varied accompaniment, full of sensuous harmonies and bold, sweeping modulations. In these solos and their accompaniments lies the strength of the cantata, for in these Dr. Bridge has proved himself a master of orchestration who works with no niggardly hand. A processional march to the sacrificial altar, however, smacks very much of the organist. His choruses are strong and virile in character and excellently descriptive. These were sung with much of the old Philharmonic *clan*. The chorus numbered some three hundred voices and gave really splendid attacks, though the tone from the men was a trifle weak in quality. Intonation was good, and as is always the case with Mr. Torrington's chorus, its singing was crisp and precise. But the elusive piano and pianissimo were much like a spectre in daylight, not to be found. Some effective work is given to the male voices, and this was performed with a delightful degree of efficiency.

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Of Mr. Kaiser I have already spoken. This leaves Miss Bessie Bonsall and Miss Minnie Gaylord to dispose of, among the soloists. Miss Bonsall had some heavy singing to do, obligato to the chorus, and she sang it correctly and conscientiously. Miss Gaylord made a hit. Her pleasing, unaffected manner won her the attention of the audience and her singing won its admiration. She showed herself in all respects, save perhaps that of volume of voice, to be worthy of any trust that might be placed in her as a vocalist. Even the volume is of a quality that may fairly be expected to from the development of a maiden of eighteen. She sang the difficult music with true dramatic fervor, and yet with the judgment of the musician. Her voice has a carrying quality with its sweetness which enabled it to soar above the orchestra, whose efforts to preserve a becoming proportion were deserving of all praise.

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At the late annual meeting of the Haslam Vocal Society the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: Patron, Col. Sir Casimir S. Gzowski, K. C. M. G., A. D. C.; hon. president, Mr. Geo. A. Cox; president, Mr. D. E Cameron; vice-president, Mr. C. E. Clarke; hon. secretary, Mr. Wm. C. Fox; assistant secretary, Mr. A. H. Greene; hon. treasurer, Mr. H. English; conductor, Mr. W. Elliott Haslam; committee, Mesdames Dr. Hall, George Hodgins, Fred W. Lee, and Messrs. R. H. Green, A. Thom, Cringan and Harold Clarke. This is a board which should promise well for the prospects of the H. V. S. next year. It must be gratifying to its friends to know that the past season's operations have been carried on without loss in spite of the heavy charges for solo talent.

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The large amount of patronage given to the Conservatory of Music since its inception has compelled its authorities to enlarge the premises, taking in all the upper rooms in the building at the corner of Yonge street and Wilton avenue. These floors will be altered and divided so as to make them thoroughly suitable to the needs of the institution. The usual Saturday and quarterly concerts of the Conservatory bear witness to the justice of the claim to promote the art of music to its fullest extent and highest degree.

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The week after next, for the advance notices are not done yet for 1891-2, will bring the Detroit Philharmonic Club in two enjoyable concerts at the Normal School, and Mr. Tom Hurst's musical hippodrome, with its twenty odd artists.

METRONOME.

Cricket News.

CRICKET is gaining slowly but surely a better footing in Canada, and in fact all over the continent. Not only are new clubs in existence everywhere, but the old ones are enjoying a financial health that promises big things. Not long ago the Toronto Club was singular in its possession of a professional coach, whereas now about a dozen English professionals are engaged in Ontario alone. The colleges are conspicuous in forwarding the game by employing professionals. Port Hope school has its Shrewsbury, Upper Canada its Bowbanks, Trinity its Fleet and by the new arrangement between Varsity and the Toronto Club the former will have the advantage of Leigh's coaching. The game itself is different from any other in the respect that it eradicates bad temper and crankiness, while the other games cultivate such tendencies. In cricket it is an object with each player to submit graciously even to what he feels sure is an injustice, and if he can show utmost good nature it is recognized as an achievement quite equal in merit to a good score. There is a subtle influence at work that bridles the tongue of the profane man and makes the blustering man ashamed of his bluster. The cantankerous fellow cannot thrive on the crease—he must either amend his nature or in his hunger seek out congenial spirits elsewhere. Many a good work of reformation has taken place on the cricket grounds of this city. Although a cricketer, I am not conscious of any unfair prejudice, having in my time been an enthusiastic player of baseball, football and lacrosse in nearly all corners of the province. But by a process of evolution I have at last arrived at the conclusion that cricket is the king of games. All games influence character and all save cricket tend to make a boy offensive with his tongue. The average boy needs no encouragement in this line. The college clubs, owing to the intimate association between members, are specially circumstanced to develop the good influence of the game upon character, and the way one of the Upper Canada boys, for instance, can resume his place at the tent on an unjust decision of the umpire is a lasting credit to the game and the institution which he represents. This same creditable spirit may be seen on any cricketground during a match and accounts for the growing favor of the game. But enough of this for the present.

The first half century of the season was piled up by W. D. Saunders of the Toronto club last Saturday. He of course is one of the best bats in the country, although he did disappoint himself and friends in the international match last year.

Cosby, of Upper Canada, put together 38 against East Toronto on the same day. He gave two chances which were neglected, but otherwise his batting was good, and the way he put loose ones to leg boundary was charming. He is a left hander, unacquainted with nervousness and a source of pride to Bowbanks. Jack Counsell held his stumps up resolutely for a long time, out failed to reach the haven of double figures.

Against Trinity the previous week Forrester and Jordan of the East Torontos put up 20 and 25 respectively in pretty style. The former played with Rosedale last season and is considered quite an acquisition by Captain Chandler. Jordan is an attractive player who scores by good cricket or not at all.

Several games will occur to-day, and the season just opened promises to be one of the best yet.

A. STOW LOBB, JR.

Her Idea.

Little Elsie—Why-ee! How funny! Mamma—What is it, dear?

Elsie—I was thinking of what you read last night about the wild people in Africa beating on their tum-tums till they could be heard for miles.

Mamma—The word is "tom tom," deary. What did you think it meant?

Elsie—I thought it meant their stomachs.

How Animals Bear Pain.

One of the pathetic things is the manner in which the animal kingdom endures suffering. Take horses, for instance, in battle. After the first shock of a wound they make no sound. They bear the pain with a mute, wondering endurance, and if at night you hear a wild groan from the battlefield it comes from their loneliness, their loss of that human companionship which seems absolutely indispensable to the comfort of domesticated animals.

The dog will carry a broken leg for days wistfully but uncomplainingly.

The cat, stricken with stick or stone, or caught in some trap from which it gnaws its way to freedom, crawls to some secret place and bears in silence pain which we could not endure.

Sheep and other cattle meet the thrust of the butcher's knife without a sound, and even common poultry endure intense agony without complaint.

The dove, shot unto death, flies to some far off bough, and as it dies the silence is unbroken save by the patter on the leaves of its own lifeblood.

The wounded deer speeds to some thick brake, and in pitiful submission waits for death.

The eagle, struck in mid air, fights to the last against the fatal summons. There is no moan or sound of pain, and the defiant look never fades from its eyes until the lids close over them never to uncover again.

He's a Little Feller.

Down in Frankfort street the other cold day I found a newsboy seated on a grating in the sidewalk, up through which came a little warmth from the basement below. He had something beside him covered up with a ragged and dirty old handkerchief, and, as I sat down alongside, he cautioned:

"Look out, now, and don't hurt him!"

"What is it?"

He lifted the handkerchief with the greatest care, and there, on one of the iron bars, all huddled up and half frozen, was a little brown sparrow.

"Where did you get him?"

"In the street out there. Got so cold he was tuckered."

"And what will you do with him?"

"Get him good and warm and let him go. He's a little feller and orter have a fair show."

I added my efforts to Jack's, and after a few minutes the bird began moving about in a lively manner and giving vent to his satisfaction by a series of chirps. Jack lifted him up, gave him a toss in the air, and away he sailed for his nest under a high cornice.

"Boys kin git along 'most anyhow," said Jack, as he shivered in the cold wind sweeping up from the river, "but birds is such little fellers that we've got to sort o' boost 'em now and then. He's all right and we're all right, and good-bye to you."—*New York World.*

INCORPORATED 1886 TORONTO HON. G. W. ALLAN President.

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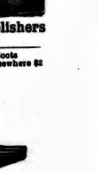

Aulis Valse Espagnole, by B. Szabo ..... 60c.
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The *Canadian Pharmaceutical Journal* of December 1 says: "Madame Ireland's soap, which is now being introduced in Canada, possesses all the characteristics of a perfect non-irritating detergent. It possesses special medicinal properties which render it very useful in some cutaneous affections. It is offered exclusively through the drug trade.

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We warrant Capilline to produce the growth of hair and remove dandruff. No mineral poisons.

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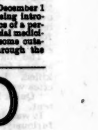

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Out of Town.

HAMILTON.

Miss Edith Bull of Hunter street has returned from New York, having spent a month there, the guest of her brothers.

Miss Harvey entertained a number of young ladies at high tea on Wednesday evening, and a most enjoyable time was spent. Those present were: Misses Turner, K Turner, Watson, E Watson, K. Hendrie of Detroit, Leggat, Dunlop, Bruce, Dewar and Gartshore.

Miss Van Horne of Lockport, N.Y., left on Tuesday for home, after spending two weeks with Miss Robinson of Hawthorne Lodge.

Mr. Alex. Gartshore and Mr. F. Greening left on Tuesday afternoon, via New York, for England, where they will tour through England, Scotland and France. They expect to be away three months.

Mr. and Mrs. Charlton of China, who are on their way to England, are the guests of Mrs. McGiverin of Holmstead, Queen street north.

Mrs. McGiverin gave a delightful tea in Mrs. Charlton's honor on Wednesday. Those present were: Mesdames Hendrie, Martin, Counsell, Mackelcan, Ramsay, McLaren, Cowan, Stinson, Scott, Parker, Lucas, Bruce, Morris, Mills, Misses Harvey, Robertson, Osborne, Hendrie, Leggat, Gartshore, Hendrie of Detroit, Dunlop, Hamilton, Ramsay and Watson.

Mrs. Hendrie entertained a number of ladies and gentlemen at dinner on Thursday evening.

The fair sex are on the qui vive now, looking forward to the wedding of Miss Edith Chapman to Mr. Albert Dyment of Barrie, which Dame Rumor says will be one of the prettiest weddings yet seen in Hamilton. The wedding day is fixed for the first of June.

BRANTFORD.

Josiah Allan's Wife's Reception on Tuesday evening was an unqualified success. Much credit is due Miss Helen Goold for the time and energy spent in preparing this performance. Some of the characters were a little flat, but Topsy and Betsy Bobbitts made up for the rest. All the solos were exceedingly well rendered, especially The Last Rose of Summer, by Mrs. R. J. Smith. Mrs. Smith utterly charmed the audience by her sweet singing.

Miss J. Shannon left for Toronto this week for a three months' visit. Miss Shannon will be greatly missed in society circles.

Miss Finkle, daughter of Judge Finkle of Woodstock, is the guest of Miss Maude Marion Weir.

Mr. and Mrs. Jas. F. Watt returned from New York on Wednesday. Mrs. Watt is receiving this week at Hart Palace.

Miss Effie McEachren expects to leave soon for Leipsic, where she will finish her musical course.

His Lordship the Bishop of Huron will induct the Rev. T. A. Wright as rector of St. Jude's Church, on Ascension Day. Service will be at 3 p.m. and candidates for confirmation will be presented at the same service.

The many friends of Mrs. Ignatius Cockshutt will be sorry to learn of her death. Mrs. Cockshutt will be especially missed among the poor, to whom she always lent a willing hand.

Mr. and Mrs. T. Harris have returned from the south. SAILOR.

PORT HOPE.

The Poplars, Mr. John Paterson's commodious residence, North street, was visited on Tuesday evening of last week by many young people of Port Hope's gayest and most fashionable society. The occasion was a dancing party given by Mrs. H. S. Paterson, which was one of the most enjoyable society events of the season. Amongst the ladies whose presence lent a charm to the occasion were: Miss Corbett, Miss Stanton, Miss Allie Deyell, Miss Shepherd, the Misses Bolden, Miss Quay, Miss Robertson, Miss Martin, Miss R. Paterson, Miss Monsell and Mrs. Lauder. Amongst the gentlemen present were: Messrs. Macdougal, Strong, Kirkpatherick, Fenwick of Cobourg, Ed. J. Fields of Toronto, E. J. Baird, S. Paterson, W. F. Trayes, G. L. Shepherd, A. B. Lefroy, De Mill Quay and R. Mackie. After the programme of dances was successfully carried out the proceedings of the evening were pleasingly varied by the performance of an interesting charade illustrating the word Wayward, in which the ladies' parts were very prettily taken by Miss Lottie Martin and Miss H. S. Paterson.

The organization of the Cricket Club was an interesting event of last week. A cricketers' ball is looked forward to. FRANCIS.

PORT ROWAN.

Mrs. Boucher of Bay street gave a most delightful dinner on Thursday evening of last week. Among the many guests I noticed: Mrs. Boucher's charming sister, Mrs. Pickthall, Col. and Mrs. Mabee, Dr. Meek, Mr. C. S. Kilmaster, Miss Wood, Miss McLennon, Mr. Meek and many others. Mrs. Boucher is a most cordial hostess and her sojourn in Canada adds greatly to Port Rowan society.

Time at the Woodbine.

The meeting at Woodbine next week promises to be an unqualified success. Interested parties desirous of securing suitable "time" for coming events, should secure a good 1-4 or 1-5 second timing watch—"Jules Jurgensen," Patek Philippe—Howard and all the most reliable foreign makers may be obtained at J. E. Ellis & Co.'s, the watchmakers, 3 King street east.

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18 karat gold, our own make.

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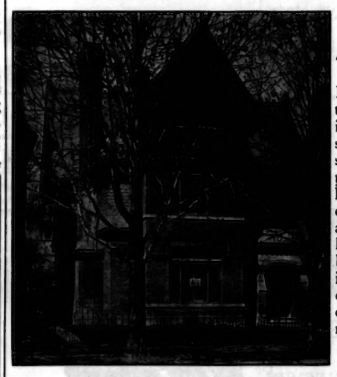

THIS cut shows a detached house on Pembroke Street, containing 13 rooms—drawing room, dining room, square hall with handsome staircase and fireplace, two kitchens, butler's pantry, lavatory, etc., on the ground flat, and 9 bedrooms. This house is worth $12,000, but will sell at $9,000 if sold immediately, on easy terms of payment, or will rent at $50 per month.

NO. 64 ST. GEORGE STREET—Detached brick house; 3 rooms and kitchen on ground flat; 9 bedrooms; heated by hot water; hot and cold water in several rooms. Price $8,500 if sold immediately, or will rent at $50 per month.

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Recitations, Delsarte Pantomime

MAGNIFICENT PRODUCTION OF

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HAROLD JARVIS, Tenor

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A drama in four acts, the greatest of the Madison Square successes, will be given by the St. Alphonsus' Club in the Academy of Music, FRIDAY EVENING, JUNE 2, under the direction of Mr. S. H. Clark. Box plan opens May 26 Tickets $1.10, 75c., 50c. and 25c.

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WOODBINE PARK, TORONTO

May 24, 25, 26, 27 and 28

Flat Races and Steeplechases

Street cars run to track. First race at 2.30 each day. Badge stand tickets on sale May 23 only at J. E. Ellis & Co.'s, 3 King Street East.

WM. HENDRIE, President. LYNDHURST OGDEN, Secretary.

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At 9 p.m., Saturdays 10 p.m.

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Returning, Leaving Charlotte on Wednesdays, Fridays and Sundays

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This boat has large state room accommodation, fine cabin and every convenience for first-class passengers. Tickets and freight rates may be obtained of

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This collection has been the work of many years, and the pictures have been chosen for their merits from the various Art Exhibitions held in this city and elsewhere.

They are principally the work of our best Canadian artists, with a few foreign specimens.

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Two-third page "	10.00
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McFash—How'll Oi see t' drink?

Curley—Trow it round annywhere. It'll be sure t' hit yure mout.

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R. M. Melville, general steamship agency, 28 Adelaide street East, reports the following passengers booked for Europe: Hon. S. H. Blake, Q.C., Miss Blake, W. R. Meredith, Q.C., W. N. Miller, Q.C., Rev. Father V. Morigan, Rev. Father F. Hours, Mme. Coutellier, Mrs. A. J. Broughall, Miss Long, Mrs. Stefanus, Joseph Stefanus, Master Vincent Stefanus, Mrs. S. Garbutt, Miss V. G. Garbutt, Mr. Thomas Smailes, Mrs. Smailes, Master Allan Smailes, T. W. Muttlebury, Mrs. Wilson, Miss Wilson, Miss Kate Wilson, Miss G. Wilson, Mrs. Joseph Wilson, Master Charley Wilson.

Too Cruel.

They had had a little party of guests at the house, and he remarked to his wife, as he was getting ready for bed, that he flattered himself he had acted the part of host in rather a brilliant manner. "I can recall only one brilliant action of yours," said his wife.

"Well—what was that?"

"Lighting the gas."

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Renews Vitality and Strength to Overworked Organs
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The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb

Births.

HAMILTON—At 74 Salisbury avenue, on Monday, May 9, the wife of Henry James Hamilton, of a son.
HAMILTON—At 47 Maitlar street, on Friday, May 6, the wife of Charles W. Hamilton, of a daughter.
HAMILTON—At Fort Hope, on Friday, May 13, the wife of George A. Hamilton, Bank of Toronto, of a daughter.
WHITFIELD—At Whitby, on May 16, the wife of T. G. Whitfield, of a son.
FATT—May 12, Mrs. Fred Fatt—a son.
LYALL—May 13, Mrs. C. W. E. Lyall—a daughter.
McPHERSON—May 14, Mrs. Wm. McPherson—a daughter.
WADDELL—May —, Mrs. E. W. Waddell—a son.
RICHARDSON—May 13, Mrs. W. T. Richardson—a daughter.
CREASOR—May 5, Mrs. Alfred Creasor—a daughter.
LENNOX—May 1, Mrs. E. J. Lennox—a daughter.
ELLIOTT—May 2, Mrs. W. H. Elliott—a daughter.
MACDONALD—May 5, Mrs. D. Macdonald—a daughter.

Marriages.

MATHEWS—BURTON—May 7, John Mathews to Mary Meredith Burton.
OSLER—GROOM—May 7, William Osler, M. D., to Grace Revere Groom.
HULL—LOVELL—May 5, W. Frederick Hull to Annie Lovell.
GRAHAM—SCOTT—May 11, Thomas Herbert Graham to George Scott.
HAMILTON—BRIGNALL—May 11, Peter Hamilton to Mariette Brignall.
HEBERT—WASTELL—May 3, Frank G. Hebert to Helen Wastell.
JEFFERS—SUTHERLAND—May 11, W. W. Jeffers to Christina Sutherland.
REID—BASKERVILLE—May 11, Dr. J. Harlan Reid to Sadie Baskerville.
NARES—DINEEN—May 7, W. F. Nares to Catharine Dineen.
FENTON—BURFOOT—May 14, Wilson Fenton to Alice Burfoot.
HALL—LITTLE—May 7, John E. Hall to Mamie Sybil Little.

Deaths.

SUTHERLAND—May 15, Mrs. G. Sutherland.
JARVIS—May 14, Rose Jarvis.
COCKSHUTT—May 13 Elizabeth F. Cockshutt, aged 64.
DALE—May 12, John T. Dale, aged 68.
BEDSON—May 14, James Bedson, aged 45.
HASTINGS—May —, C. Hastings, aged 66.
BRUCE—May 14, J. T. Bryce, aged 86.
KINGAN—May 13, Jane Kingan.
LANGLEY—May 14, Dora C. Langley, aged 8.
MODELAND—May 12, Emily Modeland.
SARGENT—May 11, Frederick Sargent, aged 20.
HALL—May 11, Mary Hall, aged 56.
HARVEY—May 11, Elsie Harvey, aged 12.
McINNIS—May 10, Margaret McInnis, aged 74.
PETRIE—May 11, Alexander Petrie, aged 71.
SEAGER—May 9, Harry D. Seager, aged 3.
ARMSBOROUGH—May 10, Zelda Armsborough, aged 66.
BURT—May 10, Jessie Burt, aged 1.
MARSHALL—May 10, Charles J. Marshall.
BROWN—May 12, Edmund Brown, aged 55.
BELL—May 12, Ann Mary Bell, aged 64.
MILLS—May 15 Lizzie E. Mills, aged 5.
BLIGHT—May 17, Mabel M. B. Blight.
PEARSON—May 16, John Pearson, aged 82.

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The largest and best assortment in the Dominion, at close prices.
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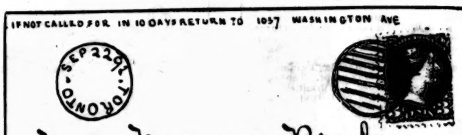

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